



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

MANY a child has been ruined by an over-indulgent mother; many a good servant has been spoiled by an easy-going mistress; many faults of our friends are overlooked by us every day; many grave improprieties are condoned by wives and husbands; many derelictions from duty are forgiven those trusted by employers and by the people. The world would be an unhappy place to live in were this weaker and gentler side of humanity left out, for if prompt justice were meted out to everybody we would all be more or less sore. It was doubtless this kindly weakness which gave London's "favorite son" his majority last week. When the election was announced I made a mistake in saying that "Charlie" Hyman would be beaten as soon as the people could get to the polls, for at the moment I did not take into account the element of mercy which is in every human heart, and the weakness of the principles which are supposed to guide the human mind. It was argued that Mr. Hyman had been unlucky in politics, having spent a fortune without, up to the time of his appointment as Minister of Public Works, receiving any substantial recognition; that his defeat would mean his political death, while it would not mean the defeat of the Government, and that it might be only the fair thing to let him hold his office until the general elections, when the Government as a whole would be punished. That his failure to be elected might mean the defeat of the Autonomy Bill did not seem sufficient reason to enough people to keep him from being elected by a handsome majority, a majority which could not be purchased in a city like London without the corruption being so flagrant as to have been sickening. The organization on both sides was exceedingly good, but the unlimited means possessed by the Government made it possible to bring almost every outsider back to vote. Perhaps the greatest corruption practiced was among leading men, not all of them Liberals, who have hopes of getting contracts for the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the general hope of favors being done to the city by the Minister of Public Works. No apology can be offered for electors sore on principle, yet influenced by hopes of material advantage—such people are simply bribed, and one who accepts a bribe is, and should be, held in contempt and feared as a menace to good government.

It was not the gentler side of human nature which controlled North Oxford. Both candidates were of fairly equal popularity and ability, and the partizan vote that elected Mr. Smith was the vote of staunch members of churches, historically and, it was supposed, unalterably opposed to the coercion features of the Autonomy Bill. It was partizanship, unadulterated and inexcusable—that partizanship willing to outrage principles long held, to uphold a government to the Liberal name of which so large a section of the electorate had grown fast, like ivy to a tree, and, like the old saying about ivy, the rottener the tree grows the more the ivy clings, and the more it clings the rottener grows the tree. It will certainly prove so in this case.

In dealing with public servants, conspicuously with governments, gentle mercy may be shown perhaps to trivial faults, but I cannot see how so great a transgression could possibly be condoned. Nor do I believe that at the general elections it will be condoned. I do not believe that the Government expects that in Ontario forgiveness can be expected. The result will be a carnival of corruption in Parliament as those who expect to be defeated are being "paid off." Already there is a defection in sight, of the few Conservative members of Parliament from Quebec, who, it is said, propose to join forces with the Government, leaving but one representative from that province not with the Administration. This seems to be the beginning of the end. In Quebec, when the few members of the Opposition declined to put up a fight against Hon. Mr. Parent, his administration immediately went to pieces. The Conservative party, merely as politicians, hopeless of any support from French Canada, must of necessity organize itself into an anti-clerical party, which, paradoxical as it may seem, would find a strong following in Quebec, and carry every other province with it if it could make the people believe that its policy is sincere and will be rigidly anti-clerical. As I have declared before, with all due respect to Mr. Borden, the proper leader of this party is Premier Haultain, who has shown his administrative ability and firmness of hand with the hierarchy for many years in the Territorial Assembly, and is absolutely without a discolored spot on his past either as to policy or administrative purity.

PROBABLY but few people were aware to what an extent the social prejudice against colored people existed in Toronto, until appeals were recently made in so many of the city churches for accommodation for the colored delegates to the International Sunday School Union's Convention at present meeting here. Rev. Dr. Perry of Jarvis street Baptist church is reported as saying that "accommodation could not be had in any of the Toronto hotels for the colored delegation. Prior to the Civil War in the States, Canada had been almost synonymous with heaven with the black people, and he hoped that Torontonians would open their homes to their dusky-skinned visitors. Certain members of his congregation, who had heard of this difficulty, had already asked that the delegates sent to their home should be colored people. He hoped more would follow their example."

Rev. Dr. Perry's appeal shows a wide Christian spirit, but I do not believe that he is quite right. I do not think that hotel accommodation cannot be found for the colored delegates, for there are many of the smaller hotels which have been criticized by the license authorities for not using their bed-rooms for the entertainment of travelers, who should be glad of an opportunity to demonstrate that they are keeping hotels, not saloons. Personal appeals to these hotels would be refused in but few cases. On the other hand, while I have no prejudice against the black man personally, I have the objection prevalent both South and North in the United States, to seeing him mix socially with the whites. Properly enough, he should be admitted to the schools and churches and every public institution, but it does not follow that he should be taken into the homes of those with families and by sitting at the same table with those who weaken the "color line." The union of the two races or the mixture of the two colors is neither to be expected nor desired. In view of the fact that either the man or the woman who takes a partner of the other color becomes ostracized socially by the whites, all social nearness of two such distinct peoples should be avoided. This may appear unchristian, and yet those who say so have only to think of how they would like a son or daughter, a brother or sister, to marry a black woman or man. By all means the hotel accommodation should have been obtained, and as good as possible, and there need have been no fear that in the smaller hotels any offensive treatment would have been handed out. However, here's a hearty welcome to them all.

LAST week I referred to the successful business institutions into which Christian churches are being converted. As if it were the determination of church governing bodies to substantiate what was said, the Anglican Synod has been exercising itself over a revision of its hymn book, the chief reason for the revision being that the church could retain exclusive rights of publication of the new book and so establish a profitable publishing business. There seems to be nothing to prevent a church from publishing its own hymn books and prayer books, but to a good many people it looks a little queer to see a church branching out along purely commercial lines in competition with legitimate

business houses, merely that it may collar a little money that would otherwise go somewhere else. If churches are to publish their own books, why should they not sell them at cost price? Or if they are determined to enter the publishing field for money-making purposes, why do they not also branch out along other lines of commercial enterprise? Churches use bricks, stones, wood-work, furniture, plaster, electric lighting fixtures, paints and other articles of merchandise. Why, then, do they not go into the manufacture of these articles of use and necessity? It is surely quite as legitimate for them to do so as it is to conduct publishing houses for profit. Perhaps the reason why they do not enter these other fields is that at present the church managers feel that the churches would be unable to make use of the goods in sufficient quantities to enable them to compete successfully with similar business now established. But there is nothing to prevent such managers from establishing manufactures on such a scale that they would be able to compete, not at a disadvantage, but at an advantage, with their rivals. There is no good reason why the churches themselves should furnish the only demand for the goods turned out. Most of the churches have well filled treasuries out of which sufficient funds could be drawn to set up business on such a scale that purely private houses would have great difficulty in competing with the church establishments.

and legs. One might reasonably associate these unnatural markings on the boy's body with the school teacher's performance of what he regards as his duty, but the principal has assured the newspapers that he struck the boy with the strap only on that part of the body provided by nature especially for the purpose of juvenile punishment. The boy assures his parents and the trustees that he was struck on the head, neck and other parts which bear the marks—and it must be admitted that he has considerable circumstantial evidence to support his statement. It is possible that the victim of the licking may quite honestly have thought that he was injured in every part of his anatomy—in the excitement attendant on a vigorous pounding it is difficult to locate the exact points of contact between the body and the instrument of torture—and the teacher may also be excused if he is unable to remember very accurately all the tactics he employed in turning the flanks and piercing the center of his enemy in the exciting skirmish. Though the accounts of the engagement are conflicting, it seems clear that the offending youth got considerably more than was rightly coming to him. Punishment of school children may be necessary, but a beating that leaves the body discolored from head to foot cannot be justified by arguments explaining the demands of discipline or the advisability of making crime feared. It may be a good plan to make the punishment fit

provinces and note their relations to each other. A short course of Canadian history might without disadvantage follow, special attention being given to the racial and religious problems that afflict us constantly. By the time they have finished with this elementary study the English editors may grasp the idea that it is not the Conservative party that is responsible for the opposition to the Separate School Clauses of the Autonomy Bill, but almost every independent elector in the country and all those Liberals who have not cast aside the fundamental principles of Liberalism as inconvenient impediments in the successful practice of opportunism. Perhaps Canadian papers sometimes make very offensive comments on British politics, merely from well-meaning ignorance, but if so, it is the duty of the English press to correct and reprove them. Those of us who take the fight for principle seriously, now know how offensive it is to have outside newspapers totally misunderstand our motives and attitude and insult us with comment resulting from badly digested information or pure ignorance. Nothing could be more mischief-making than the remarks of a responsible section of the English press on the results of the Provincial bye-elections. The display of a little knowledge frequently justifies the vigorous application of a club.

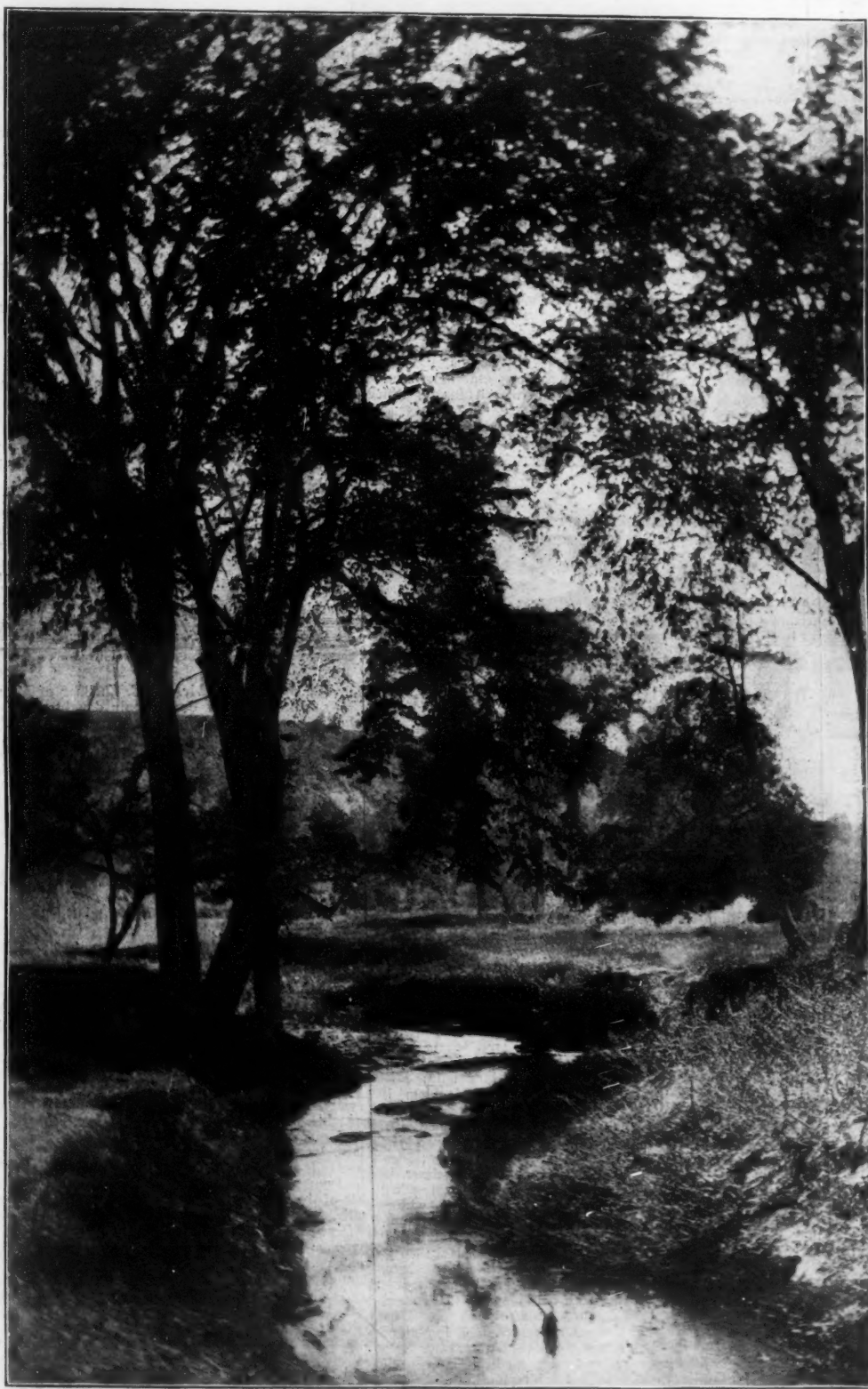
A PROMINENT German official is reported by the Associated Press as declaring that in case France and Germany go to war the treaty of peace will be signed in Paris. It may be remembered that one Kuropatkin, on the eve of his departure from St. Petersburg for the seat of war in Manchuria, announced to the world that the treaty of peace would be signed in Tokyo. The expression of this boastful confidence seems in Kuropatkin's case to have been something of a hoodoo. It may turn out that it will bring the same kind of luck to the cause of Emperor Bill. Germany has been advertised to the world as an irresistible military power. Until about a year ago Russia was regarded as the same sort of power. In a fight with France, and possibly with Great Britain, Germany may have better luck than Russia has had with Japan—but about the only thing anyone can do is to guess the result and wait for time to prove all the guesses wrong. Every power is invincible until it is licked, and no power is invincible when it goes up against a stronger—and there always seems to be a stronger one just waiting to be awakened up.

Just at the moment of going to press a cable despatch announces that the German Minister to France has left Paris. Nowadays, this usually means war; but it is scarcely possible that the German Emperor will carry his bluff so far.

OUR judges seem to have suddenly aroused themselves to a sense of what they have been missing by rendering commonplace and common-sense decisions in cases in which the public is seriously interested. Of late they have acted in a manner which might lead one to suppose they were trying to be a little sensational, merely for the attention their sensationalism would attract, did we not know them to be far above such human pettiness. A number of weeks ago a judge decided that a steamboat is not a conveyance, though it has been regarded as such for centuries and will continue to be so regarded until it ceases to be employed for purposes of transportation. The general public deemed the decision absurd, and there can be little doubt that it was not in the general interests, though doubtless it was rendered with the best of intentions. The other day another decision, which the public will regard with little respect, was delivered by Judge Anglin, when it was decided that the Dominion of Canada has not the right to enforce its Alien Labor Law. Canada, it seems, may prevent any undesirable person from entering the Dominion, but once any such person has entered, it is impossible legally to eject him. Here is the paragraph in the judgment which supplies the "reason" why Canada must refrain from ejecting a citizen of any other country from her borders:

In effecting the return of an "immigrant" to the United States, it is suggested that the officer charged with that duty may take his subject in custody to the imaginary line forming the boundary, and then, remaining himself on Canadian territory, may push his prisoner across the line and into the United States. But were it possible for the officer to eject a resisting alien without risk of projecting any part of his own person upon United States soil, in my opinion the application of the propelling force operating upon the person of the alien while wholly or partly within the foreign territory is an extra-territorial constraint of such alien by the Canadian officer, and as such cannot be authorized by the Dominion Parliament.

Could anything be more convincing than this "argument?" One can see at a glance that it is altogether impossible to regulate a kick or a shove so accurately that the recipient of the kick or shove will be impelled just to the middle of the imaginary boundary line between the two countries, without being influenced by that kick or shove after he has regained his native land. In fact, it does not seem necessary, in order that a Canadian kicking officer may be guilty of the offence of "extra-territorial constraint," that the alien be shoved, thrown or kicked even to the middle of the boundary line. If such Canadian officer were to take such offensive alien within sight or traveling distance of his native heath, and there bat him over the head with a club, boarding-house sausage or other hard substance, until the said alien howled and gladly and without assistance scampered, ambled or ran from this country to his home, and if he stayed there through a desire to avoid the unpleasantness of a second scramble at the hands of the said Canadian officer—then also would Canada, through the agency of her faithful kicking officer, be guilty of an illegal and improper act, namely, the exercise of extra-territorial constraint. It might even be dangerous for any Canadian official to startle or offend a Yankee visitor to such an extent that said visitor would be constrained from revisiting this country through fear of again having his feelings injured. As this constraint would be felt while the constrained person would be dwelling in a country foreign to Canada, the Dominion Government would again be guilty, through its official representative, of this newly-discovered and dangerous crime—extra-territorial constraint. Employ the same brand of logic in the case of a man who ejects a resisting trespasser from his property, and one must conclude that the ejector cannot eject anyone without committing an extra-territorial assault. The person ejected must land somewhere. If the landing takes place on the public highway, as might naturally be expected, the person performing the act of ejection is guilty of an assault on said highway, and, consequently, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and is liable to prosecution, fine and imprisonment. If Canada cannot deport an alien, surely no private person has a right to disturb any stranger who may be pleased to intrude on the privacy of the domestic circle. Clearly, the Golden Age is at hand—and the credit for hastening its approach must be placed where it belongs: on the thoughtful and benevolent head of Judge Anglin. In future, all citizens of Canada must perforce display a gentleness of bearing and a Christian-like charity, which they may in no considerable measure feel. Tramps will now be welcomed to dinner with a warmth inspired by fear of the law; the chicken thief will be permitted to ply his trade without fear of molestation—and the neighbor's festive Colman's cat may howl his feline head off without precipitating collision with a brick or boot-jack. We will all be nice people to live with. We will furnish a pleasing—not to say amusing—spectacle for the rest of the world to study, inspect and walk upon—and when we receive a few more court limitations to the exercise of our animal nature will



IN THE LEAFY MONTH OF JUNE.

In other words, the churches would become enormous trusts and corner the markets. This may sound a little startling, but if so, it is only because the idea is slightly in advance of the times—and only very slightly at that. It is merely carrying the principle controlling the church publishing business to its logical conclusion. Is it possible that the churches do not realize the danger of this butting into the commercial field? Can these keen men of business, who refuse a widow a little money to save her son's life—these men, who are rapidly making the churches more successful commercial enterprises than moral forces—not see that this growing commercialism is surely and swiftly rendering the churches incapable of performing their true work in the social scheme? When a church becomes a successful business institution, it will not be long before it will be nothing more than a business institution. The men who will support it while it is a real church will withdraw from it when they find it in their keenest competitor in the commercial world. This may not affect the business side of the institution, but that church as a church will inevitably disappear. It was the ambition, commercialism and successful worldliness of the Church of Rome that led to its downfall. Not in the attitude of the people to the Church, but in the attitude of the Church itself, lies the real danger of eventual calamity.

THE principal of a Toronto school became possessed of a sense of the necessity for punishing a pupil the other day; the pupil refused to hold out his hand—and now he has black and blue marks on his neck, shoulders

the crime, but it is by no means established that the boy in the present case was guilty of any misdemeanor proportionate to the brutal beating he seems to have received. I have little sympathy with the fashionable fad of permitting the child's nature to develop unchecked and undirected, but I have less faith in the practice, for centuries in vogue in England, of educating children with a club and a Latin grammar, to the exclusion of all other mediums of culture. No child can amount to much if it is permitted to run wild, but neither can it be expected to develop into an upright and self-reliant man if it is pounded around the head with a strap in the presence of a roomful of its companions. Perhaps the boy didn't get all those bruises which he displayed before the trustees, from the teacher. If so, the fact could readily be established at an investigation. An investigation is certainly demanded by the circumstances. It is said that it will take place. Till it has taken place, press judgment will be suspended.

SOME of the English newspapers have indulged in severe criticism of the attitude of the Dominion Conservative party in opposing the Separate School Clauses of the Autonomy Bill. They regard the opposition to the clauses as inspired by bigotry, not by a sense of loyalty to the interests of Canada or the Empire. Before entering upon dangerous comment on a delicate subject these papers should master the fundamental difficulties of geography and accurately locate Canada on the map. When they have progressed that far they may find it advisable to locate the various

wear paper crowns and dance and thump on tin pans both day and night—and live at Mimico.

In the police court the other day a young Englishman appeared before the magistrate charged with riding his bicycle on the wrong side of the street, though in reality he seems to have been arrested because he expressed his resentment at the manner in which the policeman, who called attention to his error, jerked him from his wheel, and handled him after this operation had been performed. Being an Englishman, the prisoner was in the habit of riding on the left side of the street, and could scarcely be expected to get on to the peculiarities of this continent in a day or two. Being an Englishman, he was also unused to having policemen yank him about as if he had been a dog without a tag. Consequently, it was quite natural that he should have expressed his resentment at his rough treatment. The practice of thumping and mauling the citizens is a decidedly unpleasant peculiarity of the Toronto policeman. In other cities the officers of the law refrain from displaying the exalted opinion of themselves of which they are doubtless possessed. The Toronto policeman regards himself as a Lord High Club-swinging, with absolute power to thump, punch or jump on anyone who happens to arouse his resentment. He butts into private conversations and requests those who are taking part in them to "move on," and if they remonstrate, the heart of the guardian of the peace is delighted by an opportunity to swing his club and arrest someone. In the meantime, burglars, pick-pockets and kerstone book-makers prosecute their trades without serious interruption. The policeman, instead of being the protector of the citizens, has become an affliction, an obstruction in the streets, a not beautiful or picturesque figure, and a constant cause of petty annoyance. After permitting the recent burglary to take place on the corner of King and Yonge streets, under the glare of the electric lights, the police officers should hide themselves for a while and permit their colossal nerve to shrink from lack of exercise, and thus get themselves into a state of modesty in keeping with their inefficiency.

ANOTHER police court case this week was interesting. A local pugilist and a young man—another newly-arrived Englishman, by the way—appeared before the magistrate on a charge of fighting on the streets. The pugilist had met the stranger and picked a quarrel with him. The stranger, being a man of peace, refused to take offence very easily, and permitted himself to be roughly handled before he decided to show of what stuff he was made. When, however, his patience became exhausted, he sailed into the aggressive puncher and did him up in such a manner that it became necessary for an officer to rescue the local celebrity from his clutches. It is highly gratifying to see a man on the look-out for trouble run up against the thing he is looking for. This case reminds me of another little incident of a similar nature. A year or so ago, during the theatrical season, three soldiers from the barracks were standing smoking on the rear platform of a west-bound King street car. One of their number was evidently a humorist of the kind they grow in certain rural districts, and like most humorists, he was doing his best to attract attention. Presently a young man and a young woman boarded the car, and as all the seats were taken, as usual, the young man stood on the back platform. There was something about him that didn't seem to please the soldier-humorist. The soldier was a big fellow and the stranger wasn't, but the soldier evidently thought the young man's feet were out of proportion to his body, for he at once proceeded to step heavily on one of them, at the same time winking at his companions. The young man called attention to the discomfort of the situation, and the man from the barracks informed him that there was too much of him turned up for the size of his body. In a few minutes the performance was repeated, and this time the stranger advised the offender that continued repetition of the offence would probably bring serious consequences—at which a roar of laughter went up from the three. The performance was again repeated—and this time the young man shoved his tormentor to one side, just as the car stopped at Strachan avenue. Here the soldier heeded to turn down to the fort. The young man beckoned to the woman inside, and the two also got off. The woman waited on King street, and the slight youth hastened after the red-coats. On Strachan avenue they stopped and regarded him with expressions of wonder and amusement. He walked straight up to the man who had made himself so offensive and demanded an immediate apology. The soldier roared with laughter and asked him what would happen if he didn't apologize, and the stranger informed him that he

would have to take a thrashing. Another laugh started, but it didn't progress very far. The slight young man made three rapid movements with his hands, and his insulter fell insensible at his feet. It all happened in about a second, and no one had time to interfere; besides, no one was very keen to interfere, after the startling exhibition of the stranger's ability to do things had taken place. The bully's companions occupied themselves with reviving him, while a policeman hastened along and proceeded to take names. The young man gave the officer a full account of the affair, which statement was verified by a gentleman who had got off the car with the intention of seeing the thing through—and concluded his statement by expressing his willingness to appear in police court and face any charge that might be brought against him, at the same time handing the officer his card. The name on the pasteboard was something like this: "John H. Blank, Sparring Partner, James J. Corbett, season 190—." Justice frequently crops up where it is least expected—and I don't know a case where it gave more real satisfaction to the disinterested onlooker than that in which the red-coated rowdy got just the sort of medicine he needed—and all in one dose.

A CORRESPONDENT to whom I am indebted for the beautiful photograph, a reproduction of which appears on the first page of this issue, writes in regard to a report that the trees shown in the picture had been chopped down for the sake of the timber in them. It is gratifying to learn that such splendid shade trees have not been sacrificed to the God of Materialism. In many parts of the country, however, it is to be feared that a very slight appreciation of the value of such trees is entertained by the owners of farm property. But in the near future a truer appreciation will assuredly be more common. All over the United States a movement is on foot which has as its object the preservation of the natural beauty of the country, and the destruction of artificial unsightliness. If in the States the idea of preserving and assisting the beauty of the country is readily taken up by the people, why should not Canadians also direct their attention to the work of preserving a natural and beautiful Canada? Aside from the aesthetic value of trees, they are also of great value in affording protection to birds and flocks. Surely this consideration should have some weight with property-owners who are not blessed with a proper sense of appreciation of the beautiful in nature. Perhaps if those farmers who don't care what their farms look like were told of the depreciation in cash value that their places undergo when robbed of their trees, the stupid vandalism would cease, and a vigorous campaign for the preservation and improving of natural scenery succeed it.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT.

Dear Sir,—I enclose you a photograph taken by myself some two or three years ago. The view shows a part of a meadow near Toronto, which is a favorite haunt of local photographers. I heard quite recently that the fine elms you see in the photo were cut down and I made a special trip to the locality to verify the report. I was very pleased, however, to find that they still stand as you see them and that the whole meadow is as beautiful as ever. While we are aware that many farmers and other property-owners are realizing how much the appearance of the country depends upon the preservation of these fine old trees, of which happily as yet our province has not been completely denuded, still I think something more might be done by our newspapers and magazines to bring home to every property-owner the desirability in every way of preserving, more especially around the cities, the remnants of those magnificent forests which originally covered our province.

Yours sincerely,

R. D. HUME.



THE military dance at the Queen's Royal Casino, on Wednesday evening, was the most brilliant affair of the kind ever held in that cool and airy pavilion. Last year's dance was brightened by the presence of the G. O. C. of happy memory (with the military), but the night was not "a perfect night in June," such as was last Wednesday, and there was less of the bright young element present. From Toronto came some of the most attractive women of the party. Mrs. Sankey in rose brocade, and her second daughter in pink crepe; Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, in white chiffon; Miss Perodeau, in white, with Dresden roses; Miss Rossie Boulthée, also in white; Mrs. Pellatt, in rose pink brocade; Mrs. Polson, in white and lavender; and Miss Annie Michie, in black with pale pink; Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, in pale pink; Mrs. Harley Roberts, in black and white, with paillettes; Mrs. J. Delamere, in black relieved with white, and Miss Denison, in black; Mrs. A. Orr Hastings in white; and Mrs. Elliott a very pretty dress; Miss Maude Denison, in white mousseline; Miss Gertrude Elmsley, in very pale pink; Miss Boulton, in white and silver; Miss Nordheimer in mauve; Mrs. Nordheimer, in black lace over white; Mrs. Campbell Myers in palest blue, Miss Adele Boulton, in white; Miss Birdie Warren in black, and Miss Marjorie Machray in a pretty white chiffon frock. Mrs. Jim Foy, in white and Miss Foy in black mousseline; Mrs. Prideaux in pink satin, were some of those at the dance. Mrs. Watts Lansing in a lovely pink gown with white lace, Miss Fairchild, in white mousseline, with a rose in her dark hair; Miss Sarah Lansing, in pale blue, and Miss G. Macklen in figured organdie; Miss Garrett in white, with dark red roses; Mrs. Beddoe, in black and pale blue Marquise silk; Miss Beddoe, in a very pretty gown and smart coiffure; Miss Phillips, in mauve; Mrs. Snydam, in white and silver; Mrs. Miller, in white *crêpe de soie*; Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, in white; Mrs. Bruce Harman, in a quiet black gown, touched with white; Mrs. Holway wore black lace over white; Miss Gilmour was in white crepe; Mrs. Ellwood Moore, (*nee Reynolds*), in a lovely white gown. Mrs. Arthur Hills, in black and paillette lace; Miss Sloane, in black; Mrs. Kleiser, in a pretty light silk, with much white; Mrs. Sandford Smith, in white and silver, with a pale blue scarf; Mrs. Gilmour, in black touched with pale blue, Mrs. Fletcher, in white silk, were also ladies present at the dance. The brilliant uniforms of the Brigadier-General and his staff, the R. C. D. and R. C. I.'s, the Toronto Light Horse and Artillery, the killed officers and the medical corps, the Hamilton Kilnies in their rose and white hose, the Engineers and the Body Guard, each with their different colors, lent a tone to the *mise en scène* truly delightful. The snowy uniforms of the officers from Fort Niagara were cool and comfortable. The Casino was elaborately festooned in bunting and draped flags—and an orchestra played on the dais. Only twelve dances were on the programme, but there were encores and extras. On Thursday, the Royal Canadian Dragoons gave a tea, and at night the Tattoo was to be the feature of the evening. A large tea was given on Wednesday by the Colonel and officers of the Northern Regiment; the Colonel comes from the Parry Sound District. The Queen's Royal is full of guests this week, and everyone seems to be enjoying themselves to the utmost. Mrs. Harry Duggan returned home on Wednesday from Niagara Dr. Campbell Myers went over on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts have taken a cottage near the Queen's Royal.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke, who were here for the Maule-Bain wedding, sail from New York for England on the last day of June. Miss Maule is going with them.

The visit of Mrs. Charles Kingsmill has been the occasion of many hearty welcomes, and the bright and popular young matron is being entertained charmingly. A luncheon of twenty covers, given by her mother at the Hunt Club on Tuesday, gathered a score of congenial friends and connections. Some of the guests were Miss Mortimer Clark, Mrs. John Cawthra and her guest and sister, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Hal Osler, Mrs. McLanis,

Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Miss Lemley, Mrs. Morrison, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Stephens of Montreal, Mrs. Coulson, and Miss Bessie Macdonald. Pink peonies, now in their first freshness of bloom, were used in decoration, and the little *fête* was delightful.

In the evening a *bon voyage* dinner was given for the Misses Mortimer Clark at the Yacht Club, at which some of the same guests were present, and although the night clouded over, and the moonlight of the previous evening failed to add its glamor, the dinner, with the perfect appointments of the new club, was a most enjoyable affair. The accessibility of the Club House is one of its great attractions.

By a misprint or a *lapsus lingue* on my part, I have not enquired which, Miss Allayne Jones and her brother Harry were last week sent to Winnipeg instead of Minnicog, where they are really settled for a holiday sojourn.

"I hear," said a society leader to a newly "arrived" member of the "smart set," "that you've been a tremendous traveller. Have you really been three times 'round the world? 'Oh, yes, I have,'" said the new lady easily—"once as a governess with Lady —'s children, once as companion to a dipsomaniac, and the last time on my bridal tour. I have had variety enough, don't you think?" When she had recovered her breath the society leader said faintly, "How amazing! You must really come and dine quietly with me and tell me all about it," and I hear they had a glorious time at the dinner, and that the calm frankness and unconcern of the new comer are voted the greatest thing of the season.

Miss Mary Osler of Craigleigh, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Marjorie Cochrane, Miss Helen Davidson, Miss Diana Irving and Mrs. Edward Taylor, were some of the Torontonians who went to Kingston for Tuesday's dance. Miss Dorothy Betts, a London *débutante*, was there, and the pretty daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Drury, now of Halifax.

Judge and Mrs. Hodgins are summing in Niagara-on-the-Lake, I nearly wrote "simmering," for it was pretty hot over there this week.

Dr. Goldwin Howland and Mr. Hugh Scott have gone a-fishing to Clinton Springs, N. Y. Miss Beatrice Sprague is visiting in Hamilton. Mr. Jack Massey has gone to England on business. Miss Aileen Sinclair is in Chatham on a visit to Miss McKeough. Miss Helen McCaul is going to Newport.

The Duke of Sutherland was in town last week, with Mr. W. H. Beatty of the Oaks, Queen's Park. On Friday evening, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy entertained the Duke at dinner at St. James' Club, Montreal. The Earl of Cathness was in town this week.

Rev. F. C. Heathcote is going to All Saints' Church, Winnipeg. Mr. Heathcote has done good work in Toronto, both in St. Simon's and his present parish, St. Clement's, and best wishes go with him to the North-West.

Before leaving for Niagara-on-the-Lake last Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock gave a smart evening at their home in Jarvis street, a dinner and dance were the evening's amusement and were greatly enjoyed. On Friday, Mrs. Mulock, Miss Falconbridge, Miss Perodeau and Miss Dora Rowand motored to Niagara-on-the-Lake, and encountered the rain of that day, which they did not mind in the least. Mr. Mulock went over by train or boat and met them there.

Miss Hirschfelder sailed on the *Virginian* this week for England. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra are home after a trip abroad of a good many months.

Mrs. George Macdonald is at her summer cottage "Winnona," Long Branch. Mrs. Carveth and her family and Mrs. Macdonald will later summer at Go-Home Bay as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Trees and their family are at their house on Center Island. Major and Mrs. Keefer will summer at Roach's Point.

A State Ball was given at the Citadel, Quebec, by the Governor-General and Countess Grey on Thursday night.

The marriage of Mr. W. C. Zoellner of Mount Forest to Miss Edith Norman Boddy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Somerville Boddy, took place at 418 Euclid avenue at high noon on Wednesday, June 21st, in the presence of the immediate relatives only. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Baldwin, rector of All Saints' Church. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a pretty traveling gown of white homespun. The maid of honor was Miss Louise Salmon, cousin of the bride. Mr. J. Lawrence Curran, also cousin of the bride, was groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Zoellner left by the steamer *Toronto* for Montreal, Farnham, Quebec and points east.

A very pretty wedding took place in St. Simon's Church at 3 o'clock on Thursday, June 15th, when Miss Elsie Croft, second daughter of the late William Croft of Rosedale, was married to Mr. John Alexander Tate of Coldwater, only son of Mr. Thomas Tate of Montreal. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. C. Cayley, assisted by Rev. F. G. Plummer, in the presence of about one hundred relatives and friends. The wedding march was played by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison as the bride entered the church with her brother, Mr. Anthony W. Croft. The procession was headed by little Marguerite Martin, niece of the bride, who made a dainty little picture in white muslin and carried a basket of flowers. Miss Grace Kent, as maid of honor, looked very sweet in white organdie, and Miss Roselle Junkin, in a gown of white silk *crêpe de Chine* and pink roses, made a charming bridesmaid. The bride's gown was a floral design of Brussels lace, looped with orange blossoms over cream chiffon, and her tulle veil was held in place by a small wreath of orange blossoms; she carried a shower bouquet of Bride roses and lily-of-the-valley. The best man was Mr. Towers of Brockville. Dr. C. J. Taylor and Mr. H. W. Wylie were ushers. After the ceremony a reception was held at 31 Maple avenue, where the bride and bridegroom received the hearty congratulations of their friends. The wedding gifts were numerous. The house was beautifully decorated in pink and white, and an orchestra was in attendance. About one hundred guests sat down to the wedding breakfast. The bride's round table, which was in the library and seated fourteen, was simply a dream of white and pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Tate left for a trip to the Adirondacks and Boston, and on their return will make their home in Coldwater.

Mr. H. M. Cherry, C. A., one of Toronto's Old Boys, who has been for the past three years Chief Clerk of the Irrigation Department of the C. P. R. at Calgary, has resigned to take a position with the Alberta Investment Company as assistant manager. Mr. Cherry stands very high in business circles in the West.

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Social and Personal.

A historic day in the social chronicle as well as the sporting one of Toronto's waterside was last Thursday, June 15, when the beautiful new Island Club House of the R. C. Y. C. was opened. The festivities consisted of a lawn party, which was attended by a very attractive looking crowd of hundreds of smart people, their dainty summer fineries, flannel suits and natty yachting togs intermingling on the fine bowling green, dotting the seats arranged near the water, filling the verandahs and terraces and flitting in and out of the pillared porches of the Colonial Club House. It was "Welcome" with beaming hospitality from the Commodore and Mrs. Haas, and "Oh, isn't it lovely!" from the ladies, and satisfied "Not so bad!" from the men as they looked through the Club House, where stewards were scurrying with trays and glasses, or laying any number of tables for the seven o'clock dinner, or doing a dozen and one things at tendent upon a festival day. There were decorators stringing Chinese lanterns for the evening fête, and hoisting standards and flags and colored lanterns here and there on the green, and as usual, the Club has many acknowledgments to make to Mr. W. Goulding for taste in arranging and kindness in lending his famous store of lanterns and flags. The



MR. STEPHEN HAAS,
Commodore, R. C. Y. Club.

band of the Q.O.R. played on the south-east end of the lawn, and the day was simply perfect. About six o'clock the extra dinner guests began to pour in by the two steamers bringing visitors to and from the city, and the courteous secretary and hurried stewards were up against it in the vain task of dining three hundred in space for half that number, the impossibility of which having been duly demonstrated to late comers who had not reserved places beforehand, such regretfully tripped off to Ellsmere House, the King Edward or one of the city restaurants, returning later for the evening dance. The table of honor at which the Commodore presided seated some twenty-eight of his invited guests, and was of great interest as suggesting the past, present and future of yachting in Toronto. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mortimer Clark, Lady Mulock, Lady Kirkpatrick, Commodore and Mrs. Haas, Mr. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. H. Collingwood McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brown, Mr. Frederic Nicholls and Miss Nicholls, Senator Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Major J. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt, Mr. Anderson, Miss Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Macdonald, Mrs. George Hees, were at the Commodore's table, which was arranged in horse-shoe form in the center of the long balconied saloon upstairs, while small and large tables seating from four to eight filled the rest of the room and the balconies outside. The members' dining-room downstairs was also filled to its utmost capacity. The Commodore's table was banked its entire length with American Beauty and other roses and foliage, with tall vases of roses and handsome etceteras, and looked most brilliant and lovely. The feast being over, His Honor rose and proposed the King's health, which was followed by the orchestra striking up the National Anthem. Mr. Boswell, in a courtly and delightful little speech, proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Haas, and the Commodore responded pleasantly, saying what everyone knows to be true, that whatever he has done for the advancement of the Club's interests has been truly a labor of love. The Lieutenant-Governor very much enjoyed the dinner and in his own speech gave an interesting account of his visit when a boy of fifteen to view an historic "queen of ocean" of which he gave a minute description. Some of the diners at the small tables and some at the dance were Mr. Porter and party, Mr. Kearns and party, Mr. Warwick and party, Mr. and Mrs. Higginbotham, Mr. Jack Eddis, Mr. and Mrs. Bath, Captain and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Polson, Miss Annie Michie, Mr. Curtis Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Worts Smart, Mr. James and Miss FitzGibbon, the Misses Rolland Hills, Mr. Goulding, Mr. Moody, Mr. and the Misses Beddoe, Miss Kathleen Fish, Messrs. Beardmore, Miss Wornum, Mr. Allen Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Macdougall, Mr. Walker, Dr. Thistle, Miss Hazel Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Sankey, Mr. Jellet, Mr. Alan McIntosh, Mrs. and the Misses Sinclair, Miss McKeough of Chatham, Mrs. and the Misses Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. Will Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Miss Thomson, Mr. Le Mesurier, Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mr. and Miss Harman. What some of the members teasingly call "The Commodore's Folly" is the sweetest of bouillottes, with pretty coloring in pale blue, white enamel paint and very good pier glasses, all of which vastly delighted the ladies, to whom it was sacred. So many descriptions of the new Club House have from time to time appeared in the papers that probably most persons are familiar with it, but these little finishing touches of luxury and beauty were only made at the eleventh hour and were perfectly charming to the fair friends of the Club, while the true beauty and completeness of the institution was not really evident until last Thursday, when the service, the menu, the various comforts and luxuries were fully put to the test. "Such a nice dinner," has been the remark on that and each succeeding night. I hear of several smart dinners to be given at the new Club House next week, and the leaving of the launch from the Yonge street wharf is so much more convenient than formerly that many yachtsmen and their guests will gladly avail themselves of the delightful privilege of dining and spending the evening at the new Club House.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. John Cawthra gave a tea for her sister and guest, Mrs. Perry of England, at which a very pleasant company assembled, the guests being unusually prompt owing to their engagement afterwards at the Yacht Club. Mrs. Cawthra received in the prettiest gray gown and Mrs. Perry wore black with some handsome white lace. Mrs. Adamson assisted her mother in the drawing-room, and the guests found the always-perfect service in the dining-room, where a pretty table crowned with flowers was spread with all the summer's nice things to eat and drink. A few of the guests were Lady Gzowski of Clonville, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Nordheimer of Glendythe, Mrs. W. H. Beatty of the Oaks, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mrs. Heintzman of Tannenheim, Mrs.

Reaves, Mrs. Albert Macdonald, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, who looked radiant in a summer gown of pastel green, and pretty white and green hat; Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Edmund Bristol, looking very handsome in heliotrope organdie and Valenciennes lace, with large white tulle hat and heliotrope satin bows; Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Sydney Greene and Miss Boulton. Everyone who was obliged to say goodbye early regretted the closing of the two functions, and none more than the popular hostess, whose cards were out before the garden party invitations to the Yacht Club were received.

Last Saturday afternoon Niagara-on-the-Lake was the Mecca of all sorts of pilgrimages. Some were made by auto-car, some by train, some by yacht and the rest by steamer. The travelers by water had the queer experience of being parboiled in Toronto, *glacé* on the lake and grilled in Niagara, and the same inverted trying changes marked the home journey at night. The dense fog, due to the unusual coldness of the lake water and the heated land temperature, was as chill as the Labrador, and merry remarks on the needlessness of going away to get fog and chill were heard among those who had visited the far shore. Niagara-on-the-Lake was broiling hot on the camp ground, but the verandahs of the Queen's Royal were filled with a comfortable looking crowd of summer sojourners, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Kay, Mr. Nordheimer, Miss Katie Homer Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Miss Perodeau of Montreal, Miss Aimée Falconbridge, Miss Dora Rowand, Mr. Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Miss Perry, most of whom went on later to the Body Guard tea. That successful function, with Colonel Hamilton Merritt as host, was the prettiest on record by the smart cavaliers. The tent was pitched in the partial shade of some big trees, the band played at a short distance, and the table, thanks to the taste and care of a certain fairy god-mother from Toronto, was charmingly decorated with lily-of-the-valley and white roses in silver vases, and carefully strewn sprays of pink Tartarian honeysuckle, the effect being lovely. The usual camp tea-party decorations have rather a vegetable than a floral suggestion, but there was a very civilized tone about the G. G. B. G.'s festal board. Colonel Merritt and the officers were hard-worked and admirable hosts, their men guests being only the staff and cavalry officers in camp and a few privileged civilians, while as for the ladies they were the prettiest and most *chic* imaginable. Mr. Cawthra Mulock brought his wife in a lovely embroidered muslin and pink sash, and her garden of girls, three as radiant and lovely young things as one could wish to see, Misses Falconbridge, Perodeau and Rowand; Colonel Septimus Denison brought his daughter, looking her prettiest in white and large white hat. The Misses Sloane were there, with the bridegroom-elect, Dr. McPherson; Mrs. Warren and her charming party of young girls, including Miss Warren, Miss Boulton and Miss Adele Boulton, were a very merry group at the tea. Mrs. E. R. Thomas and Mrs. Allen Aylesworth Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Miss Perry, Mrs. Catnach, Mr. Stanley Morrison, Miss Keating in a very pretty green frock, Mrs. and Miss Edwards, Miss Florrie Heward, Colonel Delamere, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Moss, Mr. Lally McCarthy, Mr. Julius Miles, Miss Arnoldi, Miss Harman, Dr. Fotheringham, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, the latter looking extremely well in a beautiful black lace gown over white and black lace hat and veil. Mrs. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. James Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Captain Hughes, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Darrell Warren, Mr. M. C. Cameron, Mr. Walter Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Hills, were a few of those I noticed at the tea. In the evening the usual Saturday dinner and dance at the Queen's Royal were crowded, and the scent of the motor-car was in the air. If a garage has not already been built it would be a wise erection, as the beauty and attractive quiet of the Queen's Royal verandah has been lately rather marred by the line-up of three or four huge autos, which snell unto heaven as is their custom, and by dripping gently on the earth beneath have ruined the gowns of unwary promenaders across the driveway. Besides the lordly Mulock car, the fine one driven by Mr. Gooderham of Deaneport, the one owned by Mrs. E. R. Thomas and several others have been over at Niagara, and the runs through the country have been more than delightful. The Mulock party have three saddle horses and are enjoying daily rides, and if youth be the time to make merry, they and their pretty charges are certainly carrying out the idea.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman of Tannenheim gave a Kaffee Klatsch to the Ladies' Aid of the Lutheran Church and a few other friends. The *Gartenfest* was arranged on the charming terraced lawn of Tannenheim, between the house and the ravine, and needless to tell of the abounding hospitality and hearty welcome of the hostess, who always does things well.

Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, of Howland avenue, and her little son are on their way to England for the summer.

His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with the Misses Mortimer Clark, leave next week for Montreal, to sail on the *Tunisian* (Captain A. G. Braes), on Friday, for a short visit to England. The sea voyage is their main aim in taking the trip.

Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Winn and Mr. Gordon Jones left this week by the *Virginian* from Montreal for a summer in England.

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn has been obliged by business responsibilities to postpone his trip to England and the Continent, in which Mrs. Cockburn and he were to have passed the summer. I hear they will open up Birch Point, their delightful home in Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee and Miss Violet went over to Ellsmere House on Monday. Mr. H. D. P. Armstrong is spending the summer there also. Mrs. Armstrong is just now visiting her sister in Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson of Embro were in town last week to attend the Dwight-Ross wedding. Mrs. Patterson returned to Embro this week, and as she is in mourning for the recent death of her father was not at any of the gay doings since the wedding. Mrs. Patterson is a cousin of Mr. Ross, and on that account attended his marriage.

Mrs. John Heward and the Misses Heward, Mrs. Edwards (née Heward) and the Misses Edwards, are spending the summer at the Heward Cottage, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Captain Whitla, whose Niagara cottage, "The Bungalow," has been the scene of many delightful hospitalities, has, I hear, disposed of it to Miss Mair of Spadina avenue. Captain Whitla came over on the *Chippewa* on Saturday evening to town.

Mrs. Hillyard Cameron and Miss Birchall sail on the C. P. R. steamer *Montrose* for London, next week.

Mrs. Brock, 21 Queen's Park, gave a large tea at her home yesterday.

The garden party at the Grange is one of the events for which a large circle devoutly desire fair weather next Wednesday.

Miss "Bebe" Thompson returned with Lady Edgar from England recently, after a delightful round of visits of some months. Lady Thompson and her daughters are settled in their new home in St. Joseph street.

Mrs. Britton Francis and Miss Lola Powell returned to Ottawa last week, where Mrs. Francis will visit her people. Mr. Francis is at the Island with his mother. Dulce Dum is looking very pretty this season. The big Gooderham Island houses have been *maisons fermées* so far this season, and the two families have been enjoying Rosedale instead. I hear that Miss Violet Gooderham of Waveney and Mr. Bird will be quietly married on the date arranged before the death of Mr. Gooderham of Waveney.

The marriage of Miss Elva A. York, only daughter of Mrs. O. J. Willson, "The Cedars," Newmarket, and Mr. Colville Gamble of the Ontario Bank, will take place on Wednesday, July 12th, in the Methodist Church, Newmarket.

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Social and Personal.

A brilliant social function took place on June 7th at 687 E. 26th street, Paterson, N. J., when Miss M. Isabel Leslie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Leslie, and granddaughter of the late Peter Inglis, of Inglis Falls, Owen Sound, Ont., was married to Mr. Garwood Ferguson of Salamanca, N. Y., son of Mr. and Mrs. William Ferguson of Paterson. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Hervey Wood of New York City, late pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, and was witnessed by about one hundred relatives and friends of the young couple. The wedding march was played as the bride party entered the drawing-room, promptly at 7.30. The bride was brought in and given away by her father. The procession was headed by Miss Helen W. Leslie, sister of the bride. The maid of honor was Miss Amy Kennedy of Owen Sound, Ont., a cousin of the bride. Mr. William Ferguson, Jr., was best man. The ushers were Mr. S. Inglis Leslie, brother of the bride, Mr. Robert Ferguson of New York, cousin of the groom, Mr. H. H. Watson, and Mr. Charles McIlroy of Paterson, N. J. Promptly at the hour mentioned the bridal party marched down an aisle formed by white ribbon, which was held by Miss Edith Legate of Toronto, Master William E. Berwick of Brooklyn, N. Y., cousins of the bride, and Miss Frances Evans, and Master Scriven Evans. The ceremony was performed under a canopy of white roses, peonies and southern smilax. The tall, fair bride looked beautiful wearing a gown of cream brocade chignon, over *crème peau de Chine*, over which she wore an exquisite collar and bertha of rich lace, the gift of an aunt, a tulle veil held in place by a small wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses and lilies-of-the-valley, with streamers of white chignon reaching to the floor. The maid of honor was gowned in lavender *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with Venice lace, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. The bridesmaid was gowned in Nile green *crêpe de Chine* accented with pleated and carried pink sweet peas. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served, after which a large reception followed, when the bride and groom received the hearty congratulations of their many friends. The wedding gifts were numerous, including presents from England, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, China, and many parts of Canada. Among the guests from a distance were: Mrs. James Legate, and Mrs. Ralph Cresswell, aunts of the bride, Mrs. J. W. Leonard and Mrs. A. B. Smith, all of Toronto, and Mr. George Kennedy of Owen Sound, Ont., cousin of the bride. After the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson left for New York. They will spend the next two weeks touring, and upon their return will reside in Salamanca, N. Y. Mr. Ferguson is Division Engineer of the Allegheny & Bradford Division of the Erie Railroad.

Mr. James R. Barnhart and Mrs. George Parker of Cowan avenue, are visiting their sister, Mrs. George Spragge, at "Idle Wild," Owen Sound Bay.

Miss Olive M. Walton has returned to her home in Lowther avenue from her four months' stay in Highwood, N. J., New York and Philadelphia.

Erskine church was the scene of a quiet and very pretty wedding on June 14th, when Miss Helen Anderson, youngest daughter of Mr. John Anderson, was married to Rev. Montague Arthur Shipman of Stockton, N. Y., formerly a Torontonian. The pretty bride looked charming in white, wearing the groom's gift, a beautiful sunburst of pearls; she was given away by her father. Miss Christina Anderson, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Nolan C. P. Clossan was groomsmen. Rev. James Murray and Rev. I. Tovel, D.D., officiated. After a visit to Muskoka, Mr. and Mrs. Shipman will visit the Falls and United States cities en route to Stockton, where Mr. Shipman is pastor of the Methodist Church. Presents were received from Canada, United States and Australia.

The engagement is announced of Miss Addie Robinson, daughter of Mr. H. Robinson, L.D.S., Port Elgin, to Mr. J. E. McIntyre, son of Mr. John McIntyre, Grand Valley. The marriage will take place early in July.

Mrs. A. Yale Massey is spending the summer at Filey, England. Dr. Massey has been appointed surgeon to the Tanganyika Concessions, a gold and diamond mining company in Rhodesia, leaving June 10th for Africa, taking the Mediterranean route.

A very quiet wedding took place in Knox Church, Jarvis, on June 15th, when the marriage of Miss Sadie McCarter to D. Coyne Allen of Jarvis was solemnized by Rev. D. M. Buchanan.

The marriage of Miss Edith Murray, daughter of Mr. George Murray, Brunswick street, Montreal, to Mr. W. J. Bland of Spokane, Washington, formerly of Toronto, will take place quietly the early part of July, no invitations having been issued.

The marriage took place on Tuesday morning, June 6th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Neelds, Barrie, of their eldest daughter, Miss Rose Edith Neelds, to Mr. J. Herbert Hunter of Bracebridge, Rev. J. J. Redditt of Goleir street Methodist Church officiating. The bride wore her travelling dress of blue and green shot silk, and was unattended. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter left on the noon train for the South, and upon their return will reside in Bracebridge.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson of Embro have been in town this week.

Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Chappell, with their family, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chappell in Sherbourne street. Dr. Chappell is president of the Toronto University Club in New York city, and was one of the speakers at the Alumni banquet this month.

A pretty wedding took place at noon on Wednesday of last week at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Clemesha, Port Hope, when their daughter, Miss Marion Clemesha, was married to Dr. Duncan Neil MacLennan of Toronto. The rooms were tastefully decorated, a profusion of white lilies, pink roses and peonies, prettily blended, forming an effective contrast to the dark green of the palms. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful gown of ivory tinted duchesse satin with duchesse and point lace on the bodice, the skirt falling in heavy folds. She wore a veil with a coronet of orange blossoms and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses, with lilies-of-the-valley and white heather. The maid of honor, Miss Edith Hume, was charmingly gowned in white *mousseline de soie*, with hat of Valenciennes lace and pink roses. She carried pink roses. The bridesmaid, little Miss Margaret MacLennan, niece of the groom, wore a pretty frock of white muslin and Valenciennes lace and a wreath of tiny rosebuds on her hair. The best man was Dr. J. C. Clemesha of Buffalo, brother of the bride. There were guests from Toronto, Montreal, Kingston, Prescott, Ottawa and Lindsay, in addition to those from Port Hope.

The marriage of Mr. W. H. Gould, M.A., to Miss Lilian Johnstone, daughter of Mr. T. P. Johnstone, took place quietly at St. Simon's on Thursday of last week at half-past two, in the presence of immediate relatives and friends only. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. C. Cayley. The church was prettily decorated with palms and marguerites. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sister, Miss Jean Johnstone, as maid of honor. Mr. Frank Young was best man. The bride looked exceedingly well in her traveling-dress of white homespun, with hat to match, and carried a white ivory prayer book, the gift of the groom. The maid of honor wore green crepe over silk, old rose hat, and carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses. While the wedding party were in the vestry, Mr. Greene sang *O Perfect Love*. Mr. Harrison presided at the organ.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Alley are summing at Mrs. Mead's, Center Island.

Mrs. Somerville of Atherly is home after a sojourn of a good many months abroad, and while Atherly is being put

in order for her occupancy is visiting her sister Mrs. George Capron Brooke. Mr. Somerville is also returning shortly to Toronto.

Mrs. Arthur Spragge and her daughter are leaving next week for their summer cottage at Golden, B. C.

Lady Kirkpatrick, whose son is one of the cadets in R. M. C. Kingston, went down to the annual dance which took place with so much *éclat* on Tuesday night.

The Misses Cassels went to Quebec this week for the marriage of Miss Naomi Hamilton, their cousin and Mr. Arthur Carrington Smith.

Miss Cowdry is visiting friends in Toronto, and was one of the guests at the Yacht Club festivities.

The marriage of Miss Clara H. Strong to Mr. Harvey D. Graham took place at Bradford on Wednesday, June 21st.

The marriage of Mme. de Chadenes, formerly Miss Hillary of Aurora, daughter of the late Dr. Hillary, and widow of the late M. Frances de Chadenes, Paris, France, to Mr. Alexander Leslie, nephew of Lieutenant-Colonel J. I. Davidson, will take place this month.

The closing At Home at St. Margaret's College took place on Thursday evening, the prize-giving on Friday at 2.30.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nonie Tinning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tinning, Regina, to Mr. J. All-n Wetmore, manager Imperial Bank of Canada, Broadview, son of Mr. Justice Wetmore, Moosomin, N. W. T.

A quiet but exceedingly pretty wedding took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 7th, at the Church of the Advent, Westmount, when Miss Muriel Ethelwyn Drake, granddaughter of the late Judge Wilson of Simcoe, was married to Mr. Harry Van Norman Duggan, son of the late Mr. George Frederick Duggan of Toronto. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Mr. Bruce. The church was charmingly decorated for the occasion. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. Dinham Molson, was gowned in white *crêpe de Chine* trimmed with embroidered net. Her veil of tulle was caught with lilies-of-the-valley, and she carried white roses. Her sister, Miss Drake, who acted as bridesmaid wore pale blue *crêpe de Chine* over tulle, applied in net, and white chignon hat trimmed with forget-me-nots, and carried a bouquet of peonies. The little flower girl, Miss Louise Molson, was in white China silk and white chignon poke bonnet, and carried a basket of peonies. The best man was Mr. J. Kippen, and the ushers were Mr. H. J. Pratt, Mr. A. Chipman, Mr. W. Duncan and Mr. F. E. Barbour. Mrs. Molson, sister of the bride, was gowned in pale green *crêpe de Chine* over white silk, with medallions of white lace, and white hat trimmed with pale pink roses. Mrs. Duggan, mother of the groom, wore black grenadine over black silk, trimmed with *ecru* tulle and old lace with touches of burnt orange velvet, hat of *ecru* pleated chignon and straw, with *ecru* and burnt orange roses. After the ceremony an informal reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Dinham Molson, St. Matthew street, where the floral decorations were also very prettily carried out. The bride's travelling gown was of navy blue with braided white cloth vest and blue hat trimmed with white lilies. On their return, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan will spend the summer at Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis, before taking up their residence in Montreal. The bride received a great number of beautiful presents, including gifts from relatives and friends in Toronto, the States and the Old Country.

Among the merry groups going down to Kingston for the R. M. C. dance on Tuesday was a trio consisting of Mrs. Oliver Macklem, whose clever young son, Tiffany, is in his last year at the College, and two fair young *débütantes* who looked very pretty at the ball, Miss Gladys Baldwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aemilius, all in pink, frock, gloves and shoes, and carrying pink roses, and Miss Katie Hagarty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty, Spadina Road, who was in *point d'esprit*, with some of the lovely old family lace trimming her dress.

Mrs. Cosbie, of 24 Rose avenue, left on Wednesday for Jackson's Point, where she will spend the summer at Lakeview House. Mrs. Will Lamont is to make her visit there.

An exceedingly smart wedding took place on Tuesday, when Mr. George Murray Bertram, second son of the late George Bertram, one of Toronto's princes of industry, and Miss Louise Skinner, third daughter of Mr. F. F. Skinner, of 77 Madison avenue, were married. The ceremony took place at half-past two, in Trinity Methodist Church, Rev. W. H. Hincks, the pastor, assisted by Rev. W. S. Griffin, D.D., officiating. The church aisle was arched with white peonies and green, and the chancel beautifully decorated. Mr. Skinner brought in and gave away the bride, who wore a lovely dress of Limerick lace over chignon and silk, and a tulle veil with a crown of orange blossoms. The bouquet was a shower of bride roses and lilies-of-the-valley. The two sisters of the fair bride, the Misses Lilian and May Skinner, were her attendants, with a small flower-maid, little Rosamond Ryckman, and the page, Allan Moore, a nephew of the groom. The bridesmaids' costumes were particularly smart white chignon cloth with Directors lace coats over chignon *plissé*; modish hats with deep revers and a white ostrich tip were worn and the bouquets were of pink roses. The wee maid wore white *mousseline* and lace with a wreath on her fair hair and a basket of sweet peas on her arm. The page wore a white satin court suit and carried a horn of plenty brimming with flowers. During the signing of the register, Mrs. Dilworth sang *O Fair, O Sweet, O Holy*. Mr. Douglas Bertram, the groom's youngest brother, was best man, and the ushers, who had no light duty, for there were hundreds of guests, were Mr. Holt Gurney, cousin of the bride, Mr. Harry Moore, Mr. Leslie Wilson and Mr. Reginald Fitzgerald. At the reception which was partly an outdoor function, and for which the weather was lovely, Mrs. Skinner received in a mauve costume and hat, very *chic* and becoming and Mrs. Bertram wore a quiet black costume and black toque. There was music in the hall, and the *déjeuner* was served in a large marquee on the lawn. Mr. and Mrs. Bertram went away on the five-twenty train for their honeymoon, the bride traveling in a navy taffeta shirt-waist suit, and a redingote to match, the pretty *chapeau* being white with roses. Among the many galaxies of fashion which have been admired at the June weddings, this one was easily in the lead for smartness of attire and general style.

Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. J. I. Davidson and Miss Clint, were in Hamilton on Saturday, guests of Mrs. P. D. Crerar at Dunedin.

Miss H. Adele Blachford, Shaw street, left this week for a visit to Towanda, Pa., where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Carter, jun., Ward House.

The engagement of Miss Gwendolyn Francis and Mr. E. Bertram Gay Andras is announced.

Miss Harriett Johnston and Miss Jessie P. Semple sailed on Friday, per steamer *Virginia*, for a two months' trip of England and Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis and their baby are visiting Mrs. Francis at Center Island. Miss Beatrice Francis returns from Yale on July 7th.

On Sunday, at 4.15, the 38th year closing sermon will be preached by the chaplain in Bishop Strachan School Chapel, and for Monday evening the lady principal has invited a large company to the closing piano and song recital and prize distribution at 8.15 o'clock.

Mrs. John Cawthra and Mrs. Perry are visiting Mrs. Agar Adamson at her country place on the Credit.



The French Kilt

A new mode in pleated Skirts.
SUN BURST—BOX
ACCORDION PLEATING.

Branch Office

108 YONGE STREET
Brown's Fancy Goods Store
Featherbone Novelty Co., Limited
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Tel. (Main) 3503
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MONTREAL TORONTO QUEBEC

FOR WEDDINGS.

A Crescent of 17 Diamonds.

¶The simple design of this brooch accentuates the brilliancy of its 17 graduated diamonds.

¶As a groom's gift to the bride, nothing in better taste could be chosen. Price \$125.

¶Note references in other papers to Fern Dishes and Cut Glass.

Ryrie Bros.
Established 1854.
118-124 Yonge St.

White Canvas SHOES

White shoes have been growing in favor for several seasons, and the present season promises to be a great one for all sorts of canvas footwear.

Our Men's and Women's White Canvas Oxfords are cool, comfortable and just the thing for a SUMMER OUTING.

We are pleased to say we are showing all the desirable styles. Come and see the cool, neat looking canvas shoes \$2 to \$3.50.

We have a splendid White Canvas Shoe Dressing that does its work well.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge St.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress

The Best Mattress Made Because—

It cannot sag. Is always soft. Conforms to and rests the body at all points.

CLEAN.—Ventilation keeps it sweet and wholesome inside. Write for particulars.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Limited
261 King St. W. Phone M. 4531. Toronto

For Rent

1 Office on ground floor
1 Office on 1st floor
—of the—
Saturday Night Building
Nicely decorated.
Every convenience.
Possession almost immediately.

APPLY
Sheppard Pub. Co., Limited
26-28 Adelaide St. West

Board of Control Motoring.

Looked Over Toronto Junction for Annexation Purposes.

At 2 o'clock Monday last, six spick-and-span "Russell" automobiles lined up at the big doors of the City Hall. They were comfortably filled a few minutes later by the Mayor, the members of the Board of Control and some of the City Council. Notwithstanding the threatening condition of the weather a start for Toronto Junction was quickly made. The object of the tour was to look over the ground now under consideration as a prospective part of the City of Toronto.

The party looked over the factories of the Nordheimer Company, the Wilkinson Plough Company, the Canada Cycle and Motor Company, besides several other industries, afterwards visiting the fire halls, post office and town hall.

The party was obliged to seek shelter for a few minutes on the trip on account of a shower, but after that "Old Sol" got busy and dried up the roads in very short order.

The Mayor and Controllers were much surprised to find that the cars which transported them over the unusually bad roads were made at Toronto Junction by the Canada Cycle and Motor Company. When visiting the factory of that company they exhibited much interest in the automatic machinery used in the construction of automobiles.

On the return trip a stop was made at the Avenue Hotel. His Worship the Mayor, nearly all the Controllers and Mr. Russell delivered a few remarks on the joy of motoring and, incidentally on the wisdom of annexing Toronto Junction.

Art in the Drug Stores.

Some attention is being attracted lately to a series of etchings in the leading drug stores. Close examination shows that they were issued by the Abbey Effervescent Salt Company. These etchings are little gems in nature studies and are practical demonstrations of art in advertising. They are by two famous American artists, Randall and King, and are quite worthy of a place in one's library or den. The Abbey Salt Company are to be commended for sending out advertisements so artistic. They are far above the usual store hanger, and merit a prominent place in every first-class pharmacy.

STATIONERY

Daintily boxed—suitable for gifts. Special attention given to engraving and embossing.

MISS E. PORTER
Phone—Main 3041 47 KING ST. WEST

CARNAHAN'S Pharmacy

Carlton & Church, Toronto. Telephone Main 2196.
Prescriptions, Perfumes and Sundries. Also East Toronto, Tel. Beach 18.

Charles Potter Optician
85 Yonge St. TORONTO
C. B. PETRY, Proprietor

The Corset Specialty Co.
112 Yonge St., Toronto. 1st Floor over Singer Office.
Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable boning. Hose supporters attached. Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and refitting of any make of corsets really done. RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

Nordheimer

The Nordheimer Piano and Music Company, Limited
18 King Street East, Toronto

His Lordship's Chauffeur.

By CYRIL K. TWYFORD.

HEY were sitting in two deck chairs hidden away among the palms and flowers on the roof of the houseboat, *Sunshine*. A silver moon topping the pine-clad hills above Wargrave turned the silent river to molten silver.

The hush of the exquisite July night was broken only by a rich baritone voice singing a Southern love song to a banjo accompaniment on one of the houseboats moored a hundred yards up stream.

From the room below there came every now and then the jarring sound of "No trumps." "May I play?" "Having none?"

The girl turned to her companion. "I really believe that when mamma dies she will turn into a bridge-marker," she remarked.

The man gave a short laugh. "Yes, it's almost sacrilege to play bridge on a night like this. In such a night Medea gathered the enchanted herbs—"

"Oh, Bob, don't get poetical; besides, I hate Kipling."

"I can't help being poetical, and I was quoting Shakespeare not Kipling," he remarked.

"Oh, well it does not matter, they are so much alike. But seriously, Bob, I don't think mamma has an idea in life beyond bridge and getting me married."

"I'm, I suppose not," he answered, obviously thinking of something else.

They lapsed into silence again. Suddenly the man fidgeted.

The girl turned to him. "Bob, dear, please spare me the trouble of saying I will be a sister to you."

"What on earth do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, you see, I know the symptoms so well now. When you are going to propose you invariably take your handkerchief out of your left cuff, put it back with the utmost care. You then find your cigarette case and suddenly remember that you cannot decently ask permission to smoke while proposing."

"Oh, come, Madge, you're a bit hard on a fellow."

"Do you know," she continued, ignoring his interruption, "that if I had not stopped you this would have been the seventeenth time that you have proposed to me?"

"Why won't you marry me?" he pleaded.

"Frankly, Bob, I don't see why I should."

"But surely I'm as good as most other fellows?"

"That's just it. You are exactly like 'other fellows.' There is nothing to distinguish any of you except your waistcoats."

"That's rather cruel," he observed.

"Because it's true?" she queried.

"But what on earth do you want me to do?" he asked. Then after a pause, "You say I ought to be different from all the others. Well, if it will please you I will put on a frock coat and silk hat tomorrow and punt you down to Henley in a canoe; that, at any rate, would be unlike the rest."

"Don't be flippant," the girl remarked, half laughing, half annoyed.

"Look here," he said, becoming suddenly serious, "what do you really want me to do? I have dabbled in most things and—"

"Dabbled! That's it," she cried. "You read for the bar, that is thrown over; you stand for Parliament, and get sick of it; the war breaks out and you electify everyone by enlisting in the C.I.V. and going to the front—for six months."

You write half a play—you—oh, you just dabble, Bob. There's nothing determined or permanent about you. Then breaking into a laugh she continued, "No, I really don't see why I should marry you, and, as mamma says, Lord Davenport is a much better match."

"What!" he exclaimed. "You don't seriously mean to tell me that you are going to marry that young ass, Davenport?"

"I fail to see why I shouldn't," she answered, concealing her amusement.

"You are much alike" (here she nearly laughed outright, but by a superhuman effort managed to control herself) "and he has the advantage of being a viscount and a future earl—while you, Bob dear, are merely Mr. Robert Langley."

"Yes; but you cannot be in earnest about marrying him. You shall not marry him. I say you shall not," he exclaimed, and getting up from the chair he began to pace up and down.

"Be careful, Bob," she answered. "You are going just the right way to work to make me want to marry him."

"Look here," he said, coming down and standing in front of her, "at the risk of becoming tedious I have to repeat, Miss Heathmere, that you shall never marry Davenport."

"Yes; but you cannot be in earnest about marrying him. You shall not marry him. I say you shall not," he exclaimed, and getting up from the chair he began to pace up and down.

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Telephone down to the stables and tell Jean that I shall want the car round at the club about 3.30. I am going to run down to Ranelagh."

"Will your lordship drive yourself?" "You know very well that I never do."

"I thought, perhaps, after the month's lessons your lordship has taken—"

"That will do, Jackson. Please telephone at once."

It was a very sore point with Lord Davenport that although he possessed one of the largest cars in town and a motor coach which would have aroused the envy of a prehistoric rhinoceros he had never yet had the courage to drive himself.

He rose leisurely, dressed with the utmost care, and lunched at his club.

At 3.30 precisely a flunkey announced his motor. He got into his enormous motor coat, put on his goggles, and told the chauffeur to go to 267 Brook street.

The car shot round into Bond street, darted in and out of the traffic, and after whizzing round the corner into Brook street at a pace that made his lordship convulsively clutch at the side of his seat, pulled up at No. 267 with a violent jerk.

"What the devil are you up to?" he cried. "Haven't I told you over and over again that I will not be driven at that disgraceful pace?"

The masked figure of the chauffeur remained silent.

"Why don't you speak, man?" "Because, milord, I have a very bad cold and have lost my voice," replied the chauffeur in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, all right then. Get down and ring."

Mrs. and Miss Heathmere did not keep him long, and as the latter came out in her big coat and dainty motor cap he thought he had never seen such a charming picture.

She hesitated on the doorstep, looking up and down the street, though she hardly knew what she expected to see.

But Bob Langley's words were ringing in her head. "You shall drive down to Ranelagh with me and not with Davenport. You shall take tea with me and not with Davenport," he had said; and though she had not confessed it to herself she had half hoped that he would succeed in making good his words. However, as there was nothing to be seen she stepped lightly into the car after her mother and shook hands with her host.

"Ranelagh," shouted his lordship above the din of the engines, and with another tremendous jerk the huge machine started again. They tore down Brook street, shot across Park lane under the nose of a bus horse, and flashed round into the Park.

"Drive slower," screamed his lordship.

"Can't—the engine's—got—out—of—control," panted the chauffeur.

By this time they were out of the Park and tearing down Notting Hill.

"Put the brakes on," yelled his lordship.

"I'm trying. They won't act."

The chauffeur struggled heroically with the brakes as the car continued its mad career, followed by volleys of oaths from 'busmen and cabbies.

Just as they were nearing Shepherd's Bush the brakes, which had hitherto remained obstinate, seemed suddenly to grip.

"I think I can hold her while you get out," shouted the chauffeur.

The brakes ground on, the car came to a standstill, while the engines continued racing.

Shaking with fright Lord Davenport jumped from the car, handed Mrs. Heathmere out, and was just turning to help her daughter when with a mighty crash the car broke away, turned sharp to the left, and vanished in a cloud of dust.

Mrs. Heathmere gave vent to a scream and subsided in the middle of the road.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"Oh, why did you make me risk the life of my only child in your terrible machine? What will happen to her? Oh, do you think that she will have a painless death?"

"I'm afraid it has got out of control again," began his lordship feebly.

"Why could not the d—d idiot hold the infernal thing another minute?"

"Why don't you do something," wailed the wretched woman, "instead of standing there?"

A Widow's Luck.

Quit the Thing 'at Was Slowly Killing Her.

A woman tells how coffee kept her from insuring her life:

"I suffered for many years chiefly from trouble with my heart, with severe nervous headaches and neuralgia; but although incapacitated at times for my house work, I did not realize the gravity of my condition till I was rejected for life insurance, because, the examining physician said, my heart was so bad he could not pass me. This distressed me very much, as I was a widow and had a child depending upon me. It was to protect her future that I wanted to insure my life."

"Fortunately for me, I happened to read an advertisement containing a testimonial from a man who had been affected in the same way that I was with heart trouble, and who was cured by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. I grasped at the hope this held out, and made the change at once."

"My health began to improve immediately. The headaches and neuralgia disappeared, I gained in flesh, and my appetite came back to me at once. Great relief of all, my heart was strengthened from the beginning, and soon all the distressing symptoms passed away. No more waking up in the night with my heart trying to fly out of my mouth! Then I again made application for life insurance, and had no trouble in passing the medical examination."

"It was seven years ago that I began to use Postum Food Coffee, and I am using it still, and shall continue to do so, as I find in it a guarantee of good health." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, *The Road to Wellville*, in each package.

ing there and swearing?"

By this time a crowd had collected and was clamoring to know what had happened.

"I think we had better take the Tube back and inform the police," remarked his lordship dolefully. "I don't see what else we can do." And so saying he seized the unfortunate Mrs. Heathmere and bundled her into the stuffy station.

In the meantime the car had continued its mad career.

Miss Heathmere, after she had recovered from the first shock, resigned herself to her fate.

After a minute or two she fancied the pace had become somewhat saner, and the chauffeur seemed to be able to steer with comparative ease.

Just as she was going to ask him if he could not turn back and find the others the car gave a sudden swerve and pulled up—inside the gates of Ranelagh.

The chauffeur calmly got down and handed her out. Taking off his cap and mask he coolly remarked:—

"I gave you due warning that Davenport should not drive you down here to-day."

"Bolt!" she exclaimed.

Then suddenly remembering how indignant she ought to be, she turned to him.

"How dare you! This is nothing more nor less than a gross piece of impertinence. Never speak to me again. Mamma will—Oh, it's disgraceful! Drive me back at once, sir."

"Where to?" he asked.

"Where you left mamma, of course."

"My dear girl, you don't imagine that your respected parent is still sitting in the middle of the road at Shepherd's Bush waiting for a run-away motor to come back and pick her up."

"I don't believe the motor ever left run away," she remarked.

"Of course it didn't," he observed.

"And I think we had better have some tea."

"I shall do no such thing. Besides, it would not be proper with you alone," she added.

"Oh, yes, you will," he answered, "and it will be quite proper, as we are engaged."

"What do you mean, Bob? After your disgraceful behavior do you think that—"

For answer he took her in his arms and kissed her.

A quarter of an hour afterwards when they were sipping their tea on the lawn she asked, "How did you manage to change places with the chauffeur?"

"Oh, a ten-pound note and a promise to take him on if he got the sack did the trick," he answered.—*The Tailor.*

Geology's Newest Horror.

THE latest college professor to startle the world with a prophecy of evil is Nathaniel S. Shaler, who occupies the chair of geology at Harvard. He has discovered that the earth is being rapidly denuded of its soil, and that the day approaches when it will be nothing more than a rocky ball as hard and barren as a piece of granite.

Expressed in simple terms, the cause of this dreadful calamity is the constant washing of the soil into the sea by heavy rainfalls. As our life and civilization depend on the soil, and as the soil—we have the professor's word for it—is quickly disappearing, it is only a question of time when this poor globe that supports us will be uninhabitable. Most of the calamities that college professors threaten us with are mere questions of time, the exact time being left to the imagination of the trembling layman. Professor Shaler has not specified just when our civilization and our food supply are to be washed into the sea, but he gives us to understand that the day is not far distant.

"As soon as agriculture begins," says the professor, "the ancient order of the soils is subverted. In order to give his domesticated plants a chance to grow, the soil-tiller has to break up the ancient protective mantle of plants which through ages of natural selection became adjusted to their task, and to expose the ground to the destructive action of the rain."

As to the extent of the damage thus done, Professor Shaler deals in probabilities, telling us that "a single rain-storm may lower the surface of a tilled field to the amount of an inch, a greater waste than would, on the average, be brought about in natural conditions in four or five centuries." He further confesses that he has no basis for an accurate reckoning, but nevertheless he has estimated that the lands along the Mediterranean shore have lost in this manner one-third of their original age value. "In sundry parts of the United States," he adds, "especially in the hilly country of Virginia and Kentucky, the depth and fertility of the soil has in about 150 years been shorn away in like great measure."

If the professor is borne out by facts, the people who dwell in those parts may ascertain by a simple arithmetical process just what generation of their descendants will be dwelling on bedrock.

Who was it made the sweeping assertion that the scientific temperament is essentially pessimistic? The statement is too broad; if narrowed in its application to geologists it might be correct. They have been foretelling calamities this many a day. They are wont to dash our too brief happiness here below with dismal pictures of the time when the sun will be burnt out, and other astronomical horrors. Professor Shaler strikes nearer home, washing the soil from beneath our very feet.

There appears to be no way to prevent this headlong rush of the soil to the sea. Professor Shaler has no suggestion to offer. He sights the trouble from afar with keen scientific vision, but is powerless to avert it. The whole thing seems inevitable. Man must live; to support life he must cultivate the soil; by so doing he exposes it to the influence of the rain; the rain washes the soil into the sea and leaves the earth a barren rock for man to starve on. The future is in the hands of science. Let the scientists devise a huge umbrella to keep out the rain and the world is saved.


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An absolutely pure, sparkling and delicious beverage and tonic. It refreshes the body and quenches the thirst.



"M'sieur, he say like this Alphonse, you are a—what you call him—a economical cook."

Voilà! It is not me—it is that delicious LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

I use up all—everything. A dash of LEA & PERRINS' and— presto; the left-overs are changed to the stew, and the ragout, and the croquette, and the dainty dish.

Nothing goes to the waste. Alphonse is—what you say—right all over, when he has the LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE."

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Photographs of Celebrities.

Are photographs of celebrities really "likenesses," or are they not? We read that the Prince of Wales paid a surprise visit to the London Hospital, and, to quote the *Daily Mail*, "the royal visitor spoke to many of the 'cases,' who were quite unaware of the questioner's identity." This is only one of many similar cases, and we begin to wonder very much if the portraits of celebrities are really like them. — *Photographic News.*

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 Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings
 gentle, sure and ready relief.

How Many Words Does the Average Young Man Use?

THE vocabulary of the average young man has been a matter of concern to his elders for many years. But, strangely enough, it is not so much the quality as the quantity of words at his disposal which has been anxiously weighed. The least generous estimate has been made lately. A literary statistician, who speaks as one having authority, has set the limit at sixty-five words. It would be difficult to make a lower estimate; in fact, it is very hard to understand how any man, young or old, could get along on so small a number. Do not the conversational demands of one day require the use of more than sixty-five words? If we consider what the average young man says in the course of twenty-four hours it certainly seems so. Roughly speaking, he must use his stock of words to greet his friends, order his meals, talk to his employer and his fellow workmen on matters of business, discuss baseball and the latest murder, and whisper one or two soft nothings into the ear of a young lady. It is not easy to see how all this may be done on sixty-five words. The allowance is altogether too meagre; a young man so circumstanced would find himself speechless before the day was over.

To say that the dictionary of youth contains a few more than half a hundred words, and so dismiss the subject, is treating the matter altogether too cavalierly. The question is not so simple as that. In the first place, the average young man has three distinct vocabularies. He commands a certain number of words for conversational purposes, he has a larger stock that he uses in writing, and when he reads he finds a great many more that he understands perfectly. The words a young man makes use of in talking are limited by many considerations. There is quite an array of words at his disposal that he cannot utter in polite society. These words are not found in the dictionaries; they are only included in the most courageous of argot lexicons. The average young man, who daily rubs against all kinds of people, knows at least thirty of them. He may regard them with horror or disgust, yet they are part of his verbal resources. Then there is the current slang. The average young man may not use this at all times or in all places, but it bulks large in his familiar talk. And it must be considered by the statistician, for slang is a legitimate part of language—it is the wit of the street twisted into picturesque metaphor. Besides these words there are many which a young man instinctively avoids for other reasons. He would not say "alas!" for fear of being considered effeminate, and because he is afraid that the awful suspicion of affectation may attach to him he is never "fatigued," but simply "tired." If these peculiarities of the average young man's situation are disregarded and he is put down as a creature of few words, it is obvious that his intelligence is not fairly treated. *Tools* is not the average young man, by any means.

Considered in this way, the conversational lexicon of youth swells to a volume of many times sixty-five words. But his command of words for writing extends into the hundreds, and the words he reads without any doubt as to their meaning pass the thousand mark. Surely that is not exaggerating.

the result of a common school education on a young person of ordinary intelligence. If anything, it is an underestimate. A man of some culture can read Shakespeare and easily comprehend all of the 15,000 words he made use of, with the exception of a few which are hopelessly obsolete. That being the case, the statistician who measured out the miserable sixty-five words makes the gulf between the average young man and the man of culture well-nigh impassable. If the young fellow starts out in life with less than a hundred words, how many years would it take him to read Shakespeare intelligently? The answer to that problem would not agree with the known facts. The whole difficulty lies in that word "average." To interview the "average" young man and settle the matter once for all is out of the question. He is a figment of the imagination created for purposes of argument. No one would think of striking an abstract idea, as gentle Elia remarked; neither would any one seriously try to locate the average young man. For that very reason, the statistician has the advantage of us. It is no longer fashionable to believe that figures cannot lie; but it is just as difficult now as it ever was to fasten the lie on the man who compiles them. The very vagueness of his estimates outwits all effort to expose his mistakes. In the present instance he is saved by the glorious indefiniteness of the word "average." The only resource lies in opposing a straight assertion with a straightforward denial. Another way would be to taunt the average young man with the paucity of his language. His vehement rejoinder would very probably include more than sixty-five words.

Medieval Duelling.

In its medieval form duelling was a serious affair. The loser was not only regarded as under the divine displeasure, but as the absolute property of the victor. He might be hanged or kept prisoner or handed over for disposal to the lady in the case. Dr. Fendiles refused to enter the lists till he had seen a fire lighted and a gallows made ready to hang and burn his enemy after the victory he made so sure of. Another method of the time's barbarism was to drag the beaten man around the field, dead or alive; even Bayard complied with this most unchivalrous custom. There were doctors of duelling who were consulted just as were advocates of law; and the institution became entangled in the intricacies of red tape. The regulation about the choice of arms gave rise to many abuses.

There was an historic case at Piedmont, in which a fencing master advised a young gentleman under his tuition to fight with dagger and sword and a steel collar around the neck of each duellist, with sharp points above and below. The young man was short of stature, and the arrangement enabled him to look up at his adversary comfortably, while the latter could not look down at all without the risk of nearly cutting his head off by his own exertions. Consequently the young gentleman despatched him very easily in a couple of strokes.

Press and Parliament.

Parliament and the Press act and react upon one another. They are feeble or strong together, and, without saying which leads, neither can be energetic when the other is ineffective.—*Contemporary Review*.



AN OFFICIAL SEDATIVE.

John Bull—Sleeping draught, eh? Why, I thought they wanted me to wake up! (Mr. Balfour's statement that "the invasion of England is impossible" threatens to discourage the development of the Home Defence movement).—*Punch*.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column Enclosures, unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

W. S. Lee.—Your request will be attended to this week. Your writing shows pleasant and amenable temper, a cheerful view of life, good concentration and conservation of force, and a practical, matter-of-fact disposition. The style of hand you write is called the "legal hand," probably from its exact proportion, fair judgment and discreet reserve. There is besides these qualities good taste, sense of beauty and some tact, and a generally sympathetic disposition. You may not easily make friends, but should be successful with your own, and similarly you do not antagonize people at all. It is a well-balanced, worthy and humane specimen.

GAY PAGE.—Neither of the twins, my friend, but their elder sister. As it happened, your former Sunday School teacher was sitting near, and quite well remembered the storm, which took place while I was in New York at school. I should fancy. The rest of your information was quite correct. Thanks for the good word from the West. It all helps out, you know. Your writing shows a good deal of sentiment, impulse, social instincts, clear and logical thought, frank and not always cautious methods and some tenacity. It is a vital, ingenuous and somewhat clever study, with affection, imagination and perception shown; writer should be successful worker with excellent facility of expression, without marked originality.

A SEEKER.—May 27 brings you under the influence of Gemini, a double air sign, and one apt to confer a certain vacillation of aim and desire upon its children. The Twins, Castor and Pollux, war sometimes for years in influencing the person born under Gemini. Such cannot decide upon and stick to a plan, course or state, sometimes taking a year to discover an aim which contains their dual mind, and sometimes, alas! spending a lifetime in indecision. This latter when the subject leads an unspiritual and self-absorbed existence. You are making a great mistake in taking any man's state of mind and being for granted. Long, by all means, for spiritual, but only to your own highest development. There is no secret about it. The thing is latent in you and me until we give it life and power. And you cannot "give it to others." If you really care to know what Swami Abhedananda thinks about this, you should read *Vedanta* for June. It's very wonderful when you really take it in, which may take time. Your writing is strong and at the same time unwary. There is imagination, constant purpose, some tenacity, the faculty of leading rather than ruling, the dominant touch being light, but magnetism and persuasion strong. If you don't mind the remark, I think your writing and your character will change a good deal before you have a clear and concrete view of life and its aims. Just now both are like a task well begun, which may be either well done or badly marred in the future.

CASSIE.—Your statement is not correct, my friend, for, although you may have stopped going to school at ten years, your education hasn't been so defective since. The ten years never

Food in Sermons.

Feed the Dominie Right and the Sermons are Brilliant.

A conscientious, hard-working and eminently successful clergyman writes: "I am glad to bear testimony to the pleasure and increased measure of efficiency and health that have come to me from adopting Grape-Nuts food as one of my articles of diet."

"For several years I was much distressed during the early part of each day by indigestion. My breakfast, usually consisting of oatmeal, milk and eggs, seemed to turn sour and failed to digest. After dinner the headache and other symptoms following the breakfast would wear away, only to return, however, next morning."

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts food, I finally decided to give it a fair trial. I quit the use of oatmeal and eggs, and made my breakfasts of Grape-Nuts, cream, toast and Postum. The result was surprising in improved health and total absence of the distress that had, for so long a time, followed the morning meal. My digestion became once more satisfactory, the headaches ceased, and the old feeling of energy returned. Since that time, four years ago, I have always had Grape-Nuts food on my breakfast table."

"I was delighted to find also, that whereas before I began to use Grape-Nuts food I was quite nervous and became easily wearied in the work of preparing sermons and in study, a marked improvement in this respect resulted from the change in my diet. I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food produced this result and helped me to a sturdy condition of mental and physical strength."

"I have known of several persons who were formerly troubled as I was, and who have been helped as I have been, by the use of Grape-Nuts food, on my recommendation, among whom may be mentioned the Rev. — now a missionary to China." Name given by Potsum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, *The Road to Wellville*, in each package.

gave you some of your traits, I am sure. You are very conscientious and careful of details, and while self-reliant and tenacious, have a good heart for others, and would make a valuable friend. The tendency is very practical, and perhaps you are apt to tire of a project or person very readily, from lack of interest, not from over-exaction. Your mind tends to idealism and you would never be able to sustain a logical argument, or arrive thereby at your conclusions. You prefer to take short cuts to the end. You like to have nice things and harmonious environment.

ROL.—Your real signature was unnecessary; any possible *nom de plume* will do. You are a Virgo child, September 7 bringing you under the full influence of that sign. The Virgo people are sometimes over-given to analysis, chasing an idea to its lair and then digging it out, weighing the motives and actions of others and sometimes unduly criticizing them. You are the truly observant, analytical and analytical Virgo, judging by your little statement of the incident in the car. Sometimes the matter of a study is so precisely what the manner is, that it embarrasses one. Your writing is studied, deliberate, generous, complete in detail, adaptable, responsive, and full of sentiment. What ambition or aspiration in your life is either being checked by your own will or by perverse circumstances? It may be by lack of force to carry it to a successful issue. There is considerable ability and some marked preference in these lines, and also some suggestion of further development. It is an interesting but not a particularly snappy study.

RVT.—As you put the question seriously, it seems to me that the right or wrong would depend altogether upon the sort of girl the fellow "took into the woods on a Sunday afternoon in April to gather May flowers," when said fellow was going to marry another girl in June. She might be such an ugly girl that no June bride could possibly object, or she might be a very lovely girl whom he had treated heartlessly, and now accorded a small modicum of attention to "let her down easy"—or again, she may have been a tearing little dynamic flirt, with whom even a June wedding would have no restraining influence. You tell me the sort of girl, and I'll tell you if the fellow ought to risk it. Your writing is fairly strong, very bright, and shows a good deal of affection and some hasty impulse. Generous impulse, lack of caution and a pleasant temper are shown. You have great persistence and a steady but not dominant will. I think you might easily turn cranky, are careful of detail, generally sensible and somewhat solicitous about appearances. I trust the fellow is safely married in June, and wish him good luck.

DEUCE.—This is a very live and wide-awake study, suggesting a "merry fellow" with sense of humor, easy facility and a generally care-free and lax way of looking at things. Love of the beautiful and taste for luxury are suggested. Writer thinks more of reaching a point than of the manner of getting to it, and sometimes skips the little things of life very cavalierly. The pen which best reveals your good points is the one you first used. Dull company is apt to afflict you, and you may easily call deliberateness dull. You are not methodical, but you can be shrewdly practical. It is the hand of him or her built to enjoy life.

R. S. V. P.—Glad you enjoyed yourself with your delineation, and would say, in answer to your question, it's probably good to aim high, and self-confidence is a valuable asset, but it's sometimes possible to be over-confident, and to despise the lesser successes, which may be all one is at present good for. Still, luck to you, and don't be discouraged, and if you feel the impulse strong, launch out.

PUERTO RICO.—The leading characteristic of your writing is its exceeding love of rule, power, dominance, and its lack of sense of proportion, its mistrustful attitude, sometimes very suspicious, (when your letters are crowded one on another). You are absolutely impatient of sophistry or diplomacy, and never can resort to such to gain your purpose, which you may sometimes achieve by sheer passive will-power. You seem to rather mix and muddle your emotions, and though your originality is undoubted, it's not always graceful. There is nothing of the cushion about your personality or disposition. There is intense enterprise, love of novelty, and a good deal of egotism. You'd rather be yourself than anyone, and if you were a better trained and balanced self, you wouldn't be blamed for your choice. The impression of your character is not peaceful, nor even pleasant, and you probably are often wrongly criticized and judged. You may be beautiful in ideas and awkward in construction; I see suggestion of both. You can love well, yourself and others; I don't think you'd "prefer it" if I told you some suggestions in your lines, but you can be either very good or very bad and not falsify it. As your pre-creations have prevented you from giving me your birth month, I am unable to counsel you with the surety I desire.

ST. CECILIA.—No, you don't escape it, and are a good sort of Virgo, not thoroughly developed, and though ready to "butt in" with true Virgo frontottery, not a real creamery butter, so to speak. Sentiment and fairly candid and reliable purpose are yours, with some mild ambition and reasonable discretion. You are fond of talking and enjoy society more than solitude. No, you are not original, not yet. Give yourself a chance and you will be.

STOIC.—You were more fortunate than I, and I am glad you heard *Parafin*. It seems funny to hear of people going as a duty, and feeling satisfied with the duty performed. Your writing shows great powers of concentration, very little caution, some sentiment, penetration, forceful in temperament and will, avers to demonstration, and not in the least artistic. Harmony of your talents, which should be rather above the average, and a great deal of vitality and the ability to manipulate men and

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Mrs. Joan Bishop Miss Alexander
 Telephone—Main 977

the second rough place O. K., and that some day I'll be seeing Mrs. Casey down here. She knows, I hope, what a good thing she has.

GRIGALACK.—There is a great deal of human nature in your writing, much pleasantness, and a very bright and impulsive manner. The January sign is Capricorn, the goat, and January 11 brings you under its fullest influence. Do I think it influences you? Why, it accounts for you all through. A Capricorn person nearly always hesitates over whether he'll say or do to madam to me, and often hedges precisely as you do. It would give him a pain to use the wrong address, funny old goat! Capricorn people should be deep thinkers, worshippers of intellect, devotees to book knowledge. They will work independently, but dislike toil for others. They never interfere and won't brook interference. It is the most brilliant and the most depressed sign of the zodiac. Don't lose heart in your day of small things. It is a Capricorn weakness. Many give up unless they can achieve some great success. Some excellent musicians come from this sign, also good actors. The Capricorn people are the creatures of great material aspirations, are natural teachers and patient with detail, kind, loyal and secretive.

things to your mind are suggested. It is the hand of quiet achievement and generally successful, with a healthy buoyancy and hope.

BROWNIE.—I have several of your name—one last week was a May child; you are of September 2. Now don't get mixed. There's not much in your study beyond good temper, discretion, some play of imagination, a generally firm and constant though not very dominant will, some taste and appreciation, and an indisposition to change manner or conviction. New things, good Brownie, nor yet old ones, aren't always true. You don't prefer new to old, anyhow, and are a bit conservative in most ways.

SHAMROCK.—I shouldn't spare you, even if you weren't the gallant soul you are, and caring little for a hard knock or two. If there were more of you, 'twould be good for this old country that you're enjoying so finely. You have great purpose, vitality and magnetism, a warm heart, a taste for comfort, considerable culture and experience; you don't think too much of yourself, are frank, fearless and brightly perceptive, reasonably independent and generally discreet. You are sometimes over-decided, and may, perhaps, judge hastily and keenly sometimes. Your ideas are clear and your expression hearty. Would I tell you a deep secret? Not on your life, dear.

CASEY.—Oh, Casey love, you are delicious! Give them a taste of orange flower water. 'Twill cure them. And is the shin of you all right once more, and how is your mother-in-law-elect? By all means let's have another letter, and another laugh. Most of 'em are regular tear-ducts, but you are the sparkle of mirth and such a "oner" for

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New York is Not a Christian City.

THE latest religious statistics gathered by the Federation of Churches in Greater New York evidence some surprising facts. They show that New York is only nominally a Christian city. The Roman Catholics and the Protestant communicants comprise about two-fifths of the entire population. The rest is made up principally of Protestants who are indifferent or absolutely churchless, and of Jews.

The population of the city is estimated at nearly four millions. Of these, Protestantism is credited with 1,917,007, or 48.6 per cent.; the Roman Catholic Church has 1,300,000 or 32.9 per cent.; the Jews are 725,000, or 18.4 per cent. These are the chief religious groups. The Russian and Greek orthodox churches have 1,500 communicants each; the Armenian Apostolic profession includes 900 souls; the other religious bodies are negligible. It is perhaps significant that the Roman Catholics are bulked, while the Protestants are divided into three classes, viz., Protestant communicants, 331,608 in number; additional Protestant attendants (by this is meant those who attend church more or less regularly), 497,547; and churchless Protestants, 1,087,702. By this classification it appears that the Jews outnumber the Protestant communicants two to one. However, there are no figures given to show how many of the Roman Catholics and Jews are regular attendants at the services of their respective churches. We are further informed that while the Protestants who go to church are 829,245 at most, those who call themselves Protestants without attending any communion outnumber the whole population of Nebraska, and equal the whole population of Washington, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming.

Other figures show that the principal additions to the population swell the ranks of the Roman Catholics and the Jews, while the Protestant percentage is becoming less. The tables show a great increase in Jewish population especially. In 1880 the Jews formed about 3 per cent. of the city's people; in 1905 they are 20 per cent., and it is estimated that by 1910 there will be more Jews in Greater New York than natives of native parentage.

When it is considered that nearly three-fifths of the Protestants are religiously indifferent, and that there must be large numbers of Roman Catholics and Jews who are faithful to their spiritual professions in name only, it will easily be seen why New York cannot be called a Christian city. Jews, infidels and those who are indifferent and unattached constitute a majority of the four millions of inhabitants. No doubt the tables which the Federation has compiled, like most statistics, can be made to tell different stories according to the way they are handled. But certainly they seem to warrant one conclusion which the organization that collected them has put upon them, and that is that "the greatest home missionary field in the United States is New York city, and the sooner the churches realize it the better it will be for our city and our land."—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Trout-Rod on the Wall.

This slender rod of mine;
This delicate silk line,
And the reel;
This landing net, these flies
Of every shape and size;
With the reel,

Now hanging on the wall
Such memories recall
Of the past,
That I live them o'er again,
And rejoice as I did when
I made a cast.

I can see the shady pool,
Underneath the alders cool—
Bending o'er
Specks of foam about an eddy,
Circling round with motion steady
To the shore.

Now I see the beauty rise,
As the artificial flies
Strike the pool.
I can hear the water bail
And the crazy reel uncoil
From the spool.

Ah! he's out upon the bank!
And the specks upon his flank—
How they shine!
Oh! none but anglers know
Why my eyes with tears overflow,
As I think of days gone by,
Of the rod, the reel, and fly,
And the line.

JAMES H. HOSKIN.

As a Boy.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the most remarkable collection of relics in the world," said the lecturer. "Here, for instance, is the skull of Alexander the Great," he announced, impressively, holding up a small skull selected at random from a pile on the table in front of him.

"But I always understood that Alexander the Great was a large man," spoke up a gentleman in the audience. "Quite so," replied the showman. "What I am showing you is the skull of Alexander the Great when a boy."



It is queer what subjects one is asked to write about! A man asks in very polite terms that a paragraph should be written upon false friends, those persons who flatter before one's face and malign, and slander, and criticize, and condemn, behind one's back. And indeed, one has cause for thankfulness if such be only done behind one's back, and moreover, that there be no ever-ready mischief-maker to tell one all the mean things the teller has heard or can invent, (for I maintain that a person mean enough to humiliate one and make mischief between outwardly good friends is quite capable of flights of imagination if the truth runs out). What is there to say about false friends? We've all got 'em, though it's best to put them in the same category with false teeth and false hair, and say nothing about them. Where there is competition, and while it is necessary to keep up polite relations, there will always be falsehood. Where there are brainless or inartistic persons there will always be flattery, even though easily seen through, and Judas has many sisters and brothers. At the same time, there are so few whose actions and words and thoughts are absolutely sincere, that they're not worth counting. The majority of persons say pretty things because it's their habit, and a very nice habit it is! or because the receiver expects and fishes for them, or because they hope rather than believe them to be true. Some few are vicious enough to cloak sinister and deadly malice with fair words, but I don't fancy many do so, judging by the frankness one meets.

"The Lord preserve me from intimate friendship," said a witty Frenchwoman; "Dieu me preserve!" a wise prayer it was! Intimacy doesn't, of course, always end in disrupted relations, but it has a risk of doing so, which intimates should consider. And if hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, it likewise has no mercilessness like the false friend, who is far fiercer when estranged and imprudent than any two-faced humbug that ever beguiled you. They tell of a refined cruelty practiced in Russia. When two close friends are exiled, they are confined together for years; their friendship cannot stand the constant enforced companionship, and it turns to hate and suspicion, and sometimes murder. Even so, when intimacy becomes too constant, the women get sick of one another, their affection turns to aversion, and they go apart, and kill one another with their tongues, and become "false friends." I don't know what particular falseness moved my correspondent to demand its being pilloried; he does not say whether his security was forfeited, his wife stolen, his business injured or his eye blacked. For all of these he can have damages by law, but that subtler, unpunishable betrayal of faith and trust and affection, which no law can right, but which ever burneth incense to Lucifer, father of lies, has no compensation. Nothing can be done but bite the lips, harder, and bear the sharp sting, the bitter portion of false friendship, while we gather up the fragments of our own love, scorned and betrayed.

Perhaps the only reason, after all, why I write these paragraphs "by request" is that I believe it is a man who has requested. This seems a piquant touch to the thought of disrupted friendship and general falseness, for whether rightly or not, the idea prevails that women are the usual sinners in this particular class. What do men do when they suffer this smothering of intimacy? They probably grieve and are silent, for I don't remember ever to have heard one say another was a "dangerous person," (that's a trump card in a feminine scrap), or a hateful, mean thing, or a wearer of over-tight shoes, or even false hair. Men are all these, I am convinced by knowledge and experience, but no man ever told me so, whereas if I believed such information about women, gotten from women, I'd be afraid of my own sex, for we've all been so confidentially informed after unpleasant passages between mutual friends. Should it happen, after all, that my correspondent is not a man, I shall, perhaps, only be getting myself disliked by the above remarks. Here is the request: "I would like to suggest that you write an article at some future time on the subject of false friends. Perhaps you may think it an odd suggestion, but I am led to believe that there are many people who have acquired the habit of saying sweet nothings, flattering and indulging in uncharitable conversation about their friends, and being generally deceitful so that their friendship becomes false."

Finally, if one faces the matter fairly, one will learn that so long as men and women live and love (themselves or some other) and suffer therefor, there will be falsehood, and pretense, and bitterness abroad. Should the gall and malice and venom happen to come our way, let us blithely cast it off, reflecting that it's a good thing for the sender to get it out of his or her system. A little jovial indifference, a little real patience and goodwill sometimes work a miracle, turning vicious slander into shamefaced penitence and esteem. This is a god-like triumph, worth as the meek endurance that exasperates to further assault. Which will you do, seeing you must meet it somehow—confess to a like quality in yourself by giving falseness for falseness and railing for railing, or show to yourself and the world the innate nobleness and generosity and sweetness of your disposition by overlooking and forgiving the hapless one who is driven to injure you by hurts you know not of? Really, in nine cases out of ten the only possible harm to us which can come from false friends is the responsive resentment in our own spirit, and that, at least, is quite under our own control. As for the froth and flummery of which my correspondent writes, let it go, it has

its pleasant uses; don't be forever grumbling because the rainbow fades, bouquets haven't roots and sweet nothings are but the perfumed breath of the summer time o' life!

Between sleeping and waking a dream came. It seemed that I stood with an old wise person in a great mart, where people came for new clothing, and the throng was all of women, as various as their garb. The old wise person simply said to me, "Look," and was immediately occupied with her work, which was to care for the old garments of those who bought new ones and straightway put them on. I saw a Juno-like person, with trailing robes of red, once brilliant red, but now stained and faded, and here and there torn, but not worn. "She is Passion," whispered the wise old person, as she flung the old robe in a corner. "That's in pretty bad shape, but some one may give us a few cents for it later on." Then came a weary wrinkled woman, with a very worn old linen dress, for which she did not pay. The wise old person turned the threadbare garment gently, with the flicker of a smile on her grand features. "Good old gown," she said softly. "You must go to the pulp mill. Honest labor has worn you out, honorable and helpful toil. God bless us who work!" There came a girl in white with downcast eyes and soft step, and for her the wise woman had wide-eyed admiration. Her discarded garment was slightly dust-soiled, with here and there a splash as if from thrown mud. The wise old person folded it away and laid it in a shelf. "That will clean to the last thread," she said thriftily; "thrown mud never stains, and Innocence, she of the white gown, is none the worse for her exchange." There came a sinuous gliding form all in green and gold, who stood smirking and bridling while her new gown was fitted on without a crease, and then slipped away as silently as she came. "There goes Falsehood," said the old wise one, looking over the green and gold gown. "This is as good as new; I wonder why she changed it. Ah! here's a rent. It's sewn with chain stitch, and this cut looks very like Truth's scissors." And she laughed as if she were amused. "And here on the hanging sleeves and the hem are mud-stains." She glanced up at the shelf. "It won't clean off like the white one," she said wisely. "But some one may use it yet. It's wonderful the wear a lie will stand," and she hung it beside the red robe of Passion, likewise stained and torn. Others came, Malice in black and yellow, all pinned with sharp needles; Profligacy in pink satin and lace, rumpled and crushed and foul, went beside Passion and Falsehood on the hooks. Patience in dull gray, worn thin in places, darned and reinforced; over her sorry homely frock the wise old person sighed and shook her head. "Too long in use," was what she said. Then Hatred in a black robe, lined with white satin, and Love just behind in a white satin gown that was the pattern identical of that lining, and Sorrow in erape and Folly in motley, all a bit dulled and frayed and wayworn. I scanned the circle of hanging gowns and watched the wise old person arrange them, and by and by there came a man who bought Passion for a dime, and another who purchased Love for a fortune, and one who pleaded for the white robe in vain, not having the figure that fitted it, and as the last purchaser stood haggling over the extra cent the wise old person insisted upon for the fallen-to-pieces, chain-stitched, mud-stained, green and gold cast-off garb of Falsehood, I awoke with the sound of drum and trumpet in my ears, as some gay regiment went by on its way to the Camp at Niagara.

The Power of Imagination.

THERE is one special endowment of the human mind which, in a preeminent degree, distinguishes it from the mind of a brute. It is that noble faculty which we call imagination—that creative power which "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

To perceive what is not visible to the eye; to derive satisfaction, pleasure, keen delight, in the contemplation of objects and persons which have no corporeal being, but exist only in the richly furnished and thickly-peopled chambers of the brain, is the special prerogative of man.

Imagination is the factor which enables genius to form and embody ideals. A picture existed in the mind of Raphael before it animated his canvas with graceful forms and harmonious colors. A statue was imaged in the brain of Phidias before his chisel released it from its marble prison. A symphony rang in the cerebral cells of Beethoven before he indited the score for lute and viol and cornet and drum. A great cathedral imprinted its outline on the mental sky of Christopher Wren before the plans of the architect had been transferred to the draughtsman's scroll.

Imagination, then, is mental picturing, and precedes accomplishment in all original work. Not a step can be taken in science without making use of this faculty. One assembles the facts, sorts them, generalizes from them, constructs an hypothesis and finally, by comparison, verifies or disproves the hypothesis. But every step involves the use of the imagination. A concept of the object sought prompts the effort to gather and collate the facts pertinent thereto.

In proportion as this power to form ideals is feeble or strong in the individual, in proportion as it is active or strong in the race, the individual or the race plays an insignificant or a conspicuous part in the great drama of life. We mark successive stages in the growth and development of the mind by the character of the objects which stimulate and captivate the imaginative faculty.

The lisping child dwells with open-eyed wonder on the grotesque and impossible performances of the Mother Goose people. A little later, he soars on the wings of fancy through the realms of fairyland, where the real is mingled with the supernatural. Still later, he

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thirsts for that class of adventures in which the possible is interwoven with the wildly improbable by means of ingenious story plots.

At the next stage, he devours the realistic novel which reconstructs human beings out of the social elements around him, and then proceeds to dissect their character, analyze their motives, and discover their springs of action. Finally, in place of poring over ideal heroes, he dips into biography and history, and begins to relish the study of real actors on the stage of life. In imagination he enters keenly into their early struggles, sympathizes with them in temptation and adversity, and thrills with generous enthusiasm in the ultimate triumph of courage, energy and perseverance over the many obstacles that beset all pathways leading to success in life.

At the next stage of mental development, he studies his subject from a more abstruse point of view. The most fascinating form in which the theory of evolution now presents itself, appears at the point where it touches biography. It is a method of critical analysis which inquires into a man's antecedents and environments, and makes those factors account for him. This process so ingeniously combines realism and imagination that it is sometimes a question whether mechanical or mental forces were most potent in shaping and developing the character.

In a biographical sketch of Emerson, for instance, there will be grouped before the mind's eye the historical relations of his race, and the ancestral and environmental forces which helped to produce the preacher, the philosopher, the poet and the essayist who has wielded such a great influence on American thought.

But the highest display of the imaginative faculty is seen in its achievements as a constructive agent, as well in scientific investigation as in historical research. Before the complex motions of the planets could be accounted for on any rational theory, the imagination constructed a mental orrery in which a mighty central sun was surrounded by a retinue of worlds traversing vast orbits.

Before Columbus set out to reach the Orient by sailing west his imagination had pictured a spherical earth, and the shoreless sea, which to others was a watery plain, presented to his clearer vision the aspect of a convex surface.

Before the founders of modern chemistry formed a rational theory of the law of compounds, their imaginations had seized the intangible atoms of matter, weighed and classified them, and finally endowed them with the power of choice or affinity—thus accounting for molecular partnerships, good until some stronger affinity causes a divorce, very like some alliances among their human prototypes.

When the geologist discovered marine shells on the summits of the Jura, his scientific imagination wandered back to the period when those summits were slowly emerged from the Paleozoic sea, and presented the aspect of inland cones instead of continental peaks. When the well-digger of Brittany encountered flint spearheads and stone hatchets hundreds of feet below the surface, he treasured them as curious natural formations; but the ethnologist happened along and there arose in his mind a

vision of a prehistoric race, roaming wild in primeval forests, who had fashioned these implements one hundred centuries ago.

It was the trained scientific imagination of Darwin and Wallace and Spencer that discerned a complete evolutionary chain between the simple primordial cell and the highly organized creature called man, with his wonderfully complex physical system and his almost Godlike mental endowments—a mysterious co-ordination of the physical and the spiritual. Yet, though many of the links in that evolutionary chain have never been seen by the corporeal eye the imagination supplies them all, and we are morally certain that they exist; this invisible but invincible chain of logic compels us to admit that every material and spiritual fact of the living present is the product of agencies reaching back through an eternal past.—W. H. K.

The King's Diplomacy.

Nothing is more curious than to see the English, who were formerly so anxious about the authority of Parliament, by which they flattered themselves that they controlled and even directed the executive power, lightly pass over Parliamentary authority and Ministerial responsibility, and recognize only the Sovereign as the manager of their foreign policy and attribute to him the initiative and the success. There are grave inconveniences in saddling the King with this responsibility, which the Constitution wisely relegated to his Ministers.—*Journal des Debats*, Paris.

The fetish that a man because he is a man must be a connoisseur of wine, and be able to unravel the mysteries of Bradshaw, dies hard.

Reduced Rates to Baltimore.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Inter-national Convention United Society of Christian Endeavor.

For the International Convention United Society of Christian Endeavor, at Baltimore, Md., July 5 to 10, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Baltimore, at greatly reduced rates, from all stations on its lines east of and including Pittsburgh, Erie and Buffalo.

The rate from Pittsburgh will be \$2.00, from Altoona \$7.49, Erie \$12.00, Williamsport \$6.33, Buffalo \$11.00, Canandaigua \$9.70, Elmira \$8.50, New York \$6.30, Newark, N.J., \$6.10, Reading \$5.15, Wilkesbarre \$7.05, Dover, Del., \$3.90, with corresponding reductions from all other points.

Tickets will be sold on July 3, 4 and 5, good for return passage leaving Baltimore until July 15, inclusive. On payment of \$1.00 to Joint Agent at Baltimore an extension of return limit to August 31 can be obtained.

Tickets via Philadelphia permit stop-over within limit, if deposited with the ticket agent at Broad Street Station. Special excursion tickets are on sale every Saturday and Sunday from Baltimore to Washington and return at rate of \$1.25 for the round trip. These tickets are good for return passage until the last train Sunday night, affording ample opportunity for delegates to visit the National Capital.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE Progressive Stage Society, whose doings have been recorded in these letters from time to time, has just produced for us as its final offering of the present season, nothing less than a Sanskrit drama. This society's object, as Mr. Julius Hopp, its president, reminds us, is twofold. First, to let the people invade Art by presenting drama that deals with social questions, and second, to let Art invade the people by giving them the best dramatic offerings at purely nominal prices. Mr. Hopp, whom you recognize at once as an enthusiast, is young, ardent, sincere, delightful in character, generous to a fault, and absolutely disinterested in his devotion to the Socialist cause. He frankly confesses that he has more faith in the people to produce a National Theater than in Carnegie's millions.

It was in obedience to this first law of its being that the Society produced some time ago, for the first time in America, the second part of Bjornson's *Beyond Human Power*. This was noticed in these letters at the time, and proved an event of more than passing interest, either from a social or dramatic viewpoint; likewise their production of Ibsen's *The Master Builder*, wherein we remarked the same sincerity of purpose and intelligent effort to present work of the higher sort. The present piece has, however, been given in conformity with the Society's second and secondary function, of bringing dramatic art within reach of the people, and if one may judge by external evidence, the effort has proved a tolerably successful one.

The performance was given in Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, and in spite of the great heat the hall was comfortably filled and the play followed with considerable interest throughout. Naturally, a Sanskrit drama excited a degree of literary curiosity even in New York, whose sophistication is always so complete. And in their production of this afternoon the Progressive Stage Society not only found excellent entertainment for us, but added something to the sum total of our literary and dramatic information.

What impressed most of us, perhaps, with this old play before us was the little change that, after all, fifteen centuries or more have wrought in the form of the drama as we have it to-day, the changes for the most part seeming unimportant. There are none of the artifices, for instance, that we employ to deceive the audience as to time and place, and the piece opens with the most undisguised intention of presenting a play. The stage manager appears first, calls out his leading lady, and through a pre-arranged colloquy we are taken into their entire confidence as to what we are about to witness. The scenery, too—by which we mean the stage settings, for no curtain is employed—is changed before our eyes and the garden transformed into a palace by a few simple changes in the surroundings. At least this production was marked by perfect simplicity of stage detail, though the native Hindu stage, I understand, is usually very decorative—garden plants, draperies and ornaments being used profusely. In the present instance, however, the audience received the benefit of the simplicity instead of the management, as in the case, say, of the mutual friend of Elizabethan notoriety.

One could easily imagine, of course, with what wealth of modern scenic effect this old Oriental piece might be mounted, and under modern methods of producing, this would no doubt be done, our sensuous arts reveling in such an opportunity. But whether sufficient interest would be manifested to warrant such an attempt is questionable. There are few real devotees of the dramatic art, after all, even in a theater city of two million souls, and those who are, are content to take it in the Simon pure. If you want to test your real lovers of the drama, give them, say, a Hindu play lasting three hours, of little action, much dialogue and none of the familiar stage devices, and when you have found them, well! you have found imagination enough to clothe any stage, and charity enough to cover the sins of almost any actor.

Sir William Jones, the English Orientalist, who discovered the great Kaldasa, sometimes called the Hindu Shakespeare, through this same play, *Sakuntala*, set the dramatist's time in the first century B.C., but later records have placed him about the fifth century A.D. Kaldasa has, therefore, long been known and praised by the Western world, and as long ago as 1807, when Sir William Jones' translation of *Sakuntala*, his finest work, appeared, Goethe sang its praises in these lines:

"Wouldst thou the young year's blossom and the fruit of its decline,
And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted,
Fed?
Wouldst thou the earth and heaven itself in one sole name combine?
I name thee, O Sakuntala, and all at once is said."

This drama tells of the love of one Dushyanta, a king of India, for Sakuntala, daughter of a nymph. Most of the play occurs in a beautiful garden or hermitage where we find Sakuntala, a flower girl, kind of Persephone, lover of flowers and trees and caring for them with all the tenderness of animate things. Many a sweet lyric goes into the telling of this flower girl's love for these children of her solitude. And into this garden Dushyanta wanders in pursuit of his game, and spying this lovely maid, falls at once in love.

After a season of love-making the king returns to court, leaving his bride a signet ring for recognition. This ring, unfortunately, is lost, and when Sakuntala arrives at court the king, whose memory has become clouded through the design of a jealous goddess, knows her not. Whereupon Sakuntala retires and gives birth to a son. Later, by the recovery of the ring, which is found in a fish, and another token wherein the king discovers his son, wife and child are finally restored to Dushyanta.

The cast is quite a large one and a number of interesting characters are introduced in the course of the play, the old hermit Kanva, foster-father to Sakuntala, who reminds us of old Polonius in *Hamlet* in many ways; the king's jester, Mathavya, who yawns continually and confesses to hunger and thirst, much as our modern comedians do; the king's chamberlain, who leans on his staff and gives to his office a familiar unctious; besides priests, flower-maidens, and the whole retinue of a court.

Miss Eda Bruna, of Arnold Daly's company, took the



"DIPPING SHEEP."

part of Sakuntala, while a young daughter of Jacob Adler, the well known Hebrew tragedian, appeared as one of the flower-maidens.

The production of necessity fell far short of its possibilities and imperfections were obvious to all. But that a play of this kind should be conceived and carried through with such excellent results, speaks well for the material in hand and for the Society's artistic intentions. J.E.W.

Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE SACRIFICE OF LOVE.

Luv sutch uz hurs wil neavur neavur di
Shee neavur maid a donut ur a pi
butt shee kam lurn ann wott shee duzent no
wil bee awlrite becaus I luv hur so.
wott iff we haftoo liv on kamd baidd beens
ann botten jinjer cookeys ann sardens
mi-hart wil feest uppon mi luv ann wenn
Mi apight gett down too wurk agen
shee wil hav lurn too cook ann awl be wel
Ann brite ann happie uz a marridge bel.

O mitey luv bi wich too soles are ledd
too happines we eten baykers bredd
ann byen furnichoor uz best they kann
Too fil thare hoam onn the instalmunt plann.
wott diffums iff thee cooken stoav doant draw
u onley haftoo att ure motherlway
too kum ann help u ann shee kums ann brings
sum hoammaid bredd ann pize ann uther things
Ann fires thee hird gurl ann sez sheel stay
untill u rely want hur to go way.

thenn wile hur mothers gotten things too etc
sheel sitt inn thes frunt parlor looken swete
Ann dooen fany wurk ann awl day long
weel sitt like birds ann burst out into song.
shee sez sheez not afrade uv bein poor
iff shee has lotts iv cloze. ann sheel endoor
wott ever forchun brings iff i doant look
fore hur too doo thee howswurk ann too cook.
How cood i help butt luvun hur wenn shee
is redly to lay down hur life fore mee!

J. W. FOLEY.

A Pastoral Call.

M R. KERR McLEAN sighed as he glanced in the window of the Rankin cottage before he lifted the old-fashioned knocker. He was about to make a pastoral call and he recognized the fact that Mrs. Stone was already seated in the small parlor—and Mrs. Stone meant vexation of spirit and all manner of unpleasantness to the young minister who was merely "supplying" for six months in the pulpit of St. Andrew's church. Mrs. Stone was a "widow indeed" who spent her time in reciting the virtues of her "poor, dear husband" and in endeavoring to inform one-half of the small town of Wilbury how the other half lived. She was not beloved but she was held in fear, which is often the more comfortable sentiment for the person exciting it. Had she been popular, Mrs. Stone would have been called upon to nurse the sick, to comfort the sorrowing, and to aid the poverty-stricken. As it was, Mrs. Stone was invited to every festivity

for fear of what she might say were she not a guest, and she was never without company, for people called to hear what she had to say about their friends and even brought offerings of their largest pusses and fresh currant loaves. She was always suspicious of young people, and the minister who was taking Rev. John Martin's work had come in for a share of her displeasure on account of his cheerful discourses and also on account of his interest in the local base-ball team.

Her eyes gleamed with satisfaction as the minister entered the little room, and she remarked with would-be playfulness, "I was just sayin', Mr. McLean, that you didn't often get round to call on the old ladies." Her giggle proved somewhat disconcerting to Miss Rankin and Miss Margaret, whose no-longer-youthful cheeks flushed slightly.

"I'm afraid I've been neglecting many of my parishioners lately, since the summer has come."

"Yes, I hear you've taken up cricket and base-ball. Dear me! I don't know what my poor dear husband would have thought of it. He was strong on doin' all for the glory of God. But I suppose the world moves."

"Galileo thought so," said Mr. McLean gravely. "Well, I've not heard tell of him. I suppose he is one of these Higher Critics who are puttin' the Bible on one side and think Moses didn't write any of the Old Testament. I declare if that isn't Mrs. Morley goin' past."

"Who is Mrs. Morley?" asked the clergyman, who had felt interested in the slight, black-clad form which had passed so swiftly.

"That's what no one seems to know," said Miss Rankin vivaciously; "it's so interesting. She has taken the old Cameron house for the summer and has brought an old servant with her who won't talk about her mistress except to say that she doesn't want to be acquainted."

"There's somethin' wrong," commented Mrs. Stone darkly; "mark my words, she's no widow. She's one of them flirring married women that the ministers have been preaching about, and her husband is dear knows where. That young Chandler in the bank has been calling there nearly every evening and she sent for young Doctor Gray last week for her neuralgia, and it's my opinion there's nothing wrong with her."

"Since she is a stranger, don't you think it would be better to reserve judgment?" asked the minister, sternly.

"Well, for my part, I think it's time the ministers spoke out. That Ralph Connor in Winnipeg and the minister in Edmonton said just what they ought about all these goings-on of society women. Another man in Owen Sound has been reprov'n' the flirts up in his town. I read about it in the Wilbury Chronicle last week. It's only what a minister ought to do." Augusta Rankin, the niece of the two maiden ladies, a terrible young person of seventeen, who had convictions and the courage to declare them, had entered unseen and now made herself heard.

"I think it's time for the women preachers to scold the married men for flirring. They're far worse," continued this ingenious maiden, to the horror and bewilderment of her maiden aunts. "But you needn't say a word about Mrs. Morley. She's perfectly lovely and I was playing tennis there all day yesterday. Mr. Chandler's going this afternoon and we want a fourth. Mrs. Morley said I might bring a friend. Will you come?" she asked, turning to the young clergyman.

"Delighted," he replied briefly, "but my racquet is in Toronto."

"That doesn't matter. Mrs. Morley has lots of them." In a silence the rebuke of which could be felt, Mr. Kerr Mc-

Lean took his departure accompanied by the animated Augusta.

"It's perfectly scandalous," said Mrs. Stone vehemently as the gate clicked. "It's time Mr. Martin was back to look after the congregation. Base-ball, cricket, tennis! The next thing will be flirring with that woman."

In the meantime Mr. McLean was listening gravely to Augusta, who criticized her elders with the fluent purity of a young person who has just come from her second year at boarding-school. "Aren't they old cats? Mrs. Stone spends all her time talking like that and then worries over young people who don't join the church."

"You shouldn't judge all Christians by her," admonished her spiritual adviser.

"She's not a Christian at all," was the prompt response, "she's just pure heathen, and I wish they'd put her under the car of Juggernaut or burned her suttee-fashion, or whatever they do to widows in India." Mr. McLean smiled at this impious wish and looked around him eagerly as he entered the grounds of the "old Cameron place." He bowed profoundly as Augusta rather carelessly introduced him.

"Surely—you are not Kerr McLean," said Mrs. Morley eagerly.

"That is my name."

"I have so often heard of you. My husband was Charlie Morley."

"Of the class of '92!" Mr. McLean's hand was extended impetuously but he said not a word of sympathy, although Charlie Morley had been one of his best friends and had been drowned three years before when camping on one of the northern lakes. Mr. Chandler's appearance with the tennis racquets forbade reminiscences, but as they walked home after supper the young bank clerk, encouraged by the other man's lack of clerical exclusiveness, said:

"She's an awfully fine little woman. I was up there with Charlie—when it happened. I've been down on my luck since then and drinking more than I should, perhaps. But she and that bright little Rankin girl make a man feel that it's worth while to cut all that out."

"Would you mind," said the clergyman, "joining our cricket team?" He seemed to be throwing away an excellent chance for good advice, but Mr. Chandler accompanied Mrs. Morley and Miss Augusta Rankin to St. Andrew's church the following Sunday evening and listened attentively to a discourse from the text; "The greatest of these is charity."

CANADIANNE.



TAKING IT OUT OF THE DOG.

Enraged Swaggy (whose request for beer has been refused)—Wouldn't give me no blanky drink, wouldn't he? The dirty skin-flint! I'll show 'im—an' you, too.

Imposed on Methuselah.

QUIVERING with suppressed indignation, Methuselah strode into a downtown retail store and flung a small article upon the counter.

"There, sir, he observed witheringly to the patriarchal shop-keeper, 'lies the poor, dismantled wreck of the oyster-opener that I purchased of you a matter of eighty years ago.' His tone was calm, cold almost unto the freezing-point, although within him the pent-up forces of an outraged nature were struggling for expression. 'And you, sir,' he continued, 'had the effrontery to assert that with proper usage it would last a lifetime. Now look at it!'

And scorning to bandy words with one who could be guilty of so rank an imposition, he passed out and opened an account at a neighboring store.

Chips.

Lady (in party viewing stone quarry)—And which is the foreman?

Casey (proudly)—Oi am.

Lady—Really?

Casey—Oi kin prove ut. (Calls to laborer.) Kelly, Kelly! yer foired!

Old Friend of Mabel's Parents (after seeing Mabel for the first time)—Oh, yes; I should have known the sweet girl anywhere. She has her dear father's pretty teeth and the hair that used to make her lovely mother so attractive. Mabel's Old Friend—I think it is just wonderful that you should recognize them after so many years. Most people think they were made to Mabel's order.

"Is she one of those horrible girls who know enough to set men right?"

"No; she's one of those delightful girls who know enough not to."

"So she is suing him for a divorce?"

"Yes; he isn't the kind of husband to which she has been accustomed."

Mack—I understand he married an exceptional woman. Wyld—I should say so. She doesn't think she is worthy of him.

Mother (severely)—Are you looking for a place to spend the summer where your husband will join you every night? Mrs. Goitte—No, none of the roof gardens take boarders.

Mrs. Jiggson—The bull pup does not like mother; he growls at her. Jiggson—Then I'll have the coachman shoot him. I can't bear to see dumb animals suffer.

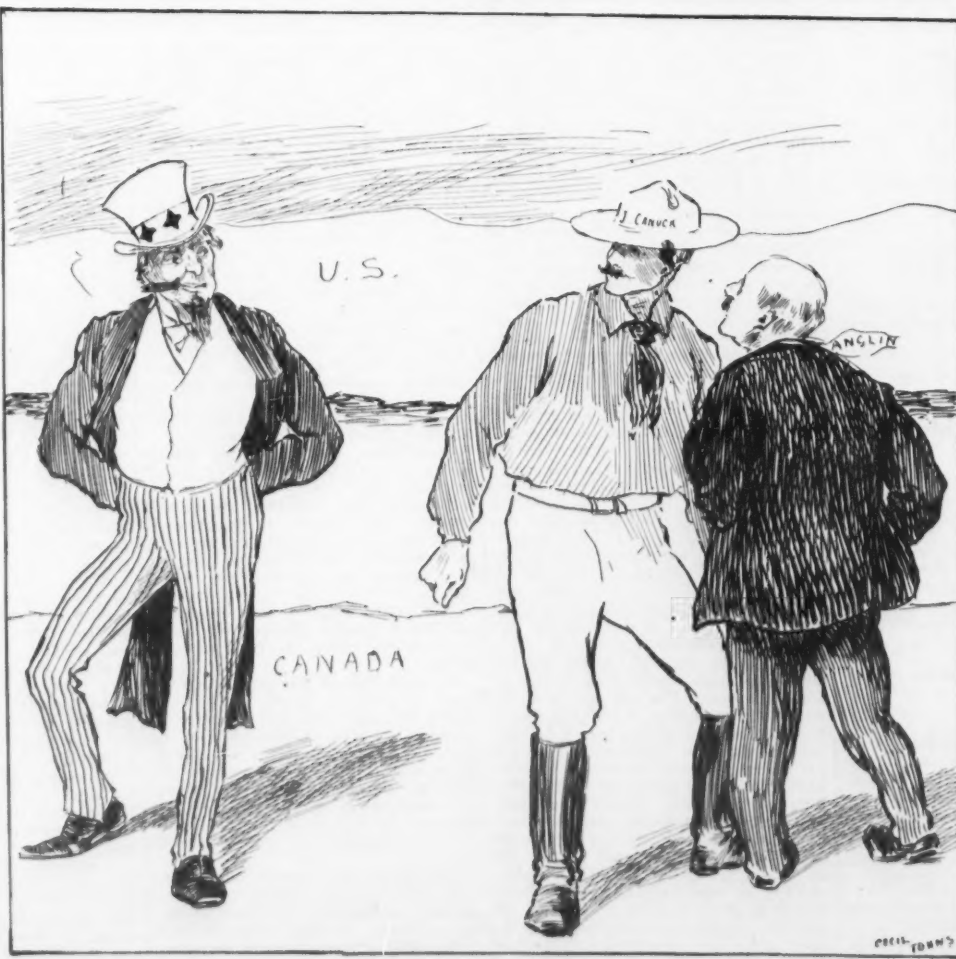
Howell—Don't you wish you could live your life over again? Powell—Well, I should say not! I've got a twenty-year endowment policy maturing next month.

"Mrs. Gayboy seems anxious to marry off her daughters." "Y s. They have reached an age when she can't do any more flirring while they are about."

"Why did she refuse him?" "She thought she could do better." "How strange! Girls seldom think that until after the ceremony."

Young maid—Which would you prefer in your future husband—honor, ability, or appearance?

Old Maid—Appearance every time, but he's got to appear pretty soon, I tell you.



"EXTRA-TERRITORIAL CONSTRAINT."

Justice Anglin—Oh, yes, I know he's been taking the plums, but you must not throw him out. It's not legal!

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CANADIAN.



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Curious Misinformation.

V.—CONCERNING THE UNICORN, BASILISK, AND OTHER MYTHOLOGICAL MONSTERS.

WHEN the dim future, non-existent but inevitable, shall have from the to be become the positive is; when the twentieth century men and achievements shall have been dwindled down, by the dwarfing perspective of time, into a single page of some learned historian, then shall happen as follows. An antiquarian, as dry as dust and as fossilized as his own specimens, by the accidental turning of a sod will find upon the site where now stands some governmental building the great treasure, the insignia of the United Kingdom. The sinister supporter of these arms is the unicorn argent, armed, crined, and unguled. It is pleasant to imagine his fussy surprise, his joy, his instant determination to write a whole book upon this miraculous and lucky find, and—look you, sir!—not so miraculous and lucky, all as it is; for did he not work upon this piece of ground with the determination to discover just some such relic, and did he not say as much to his friend So-and-So? What would be our emotion if we could foresee his description of the unicorn, of which animal, perchance, some bibliophile, collector of books, or what not, will have preserved the nursery jingle which tells of the great fight it had with the lion for the crown? From both of these, mayhap, a third deliver into the past will construct some rare and wondrous symbolical meaning.

But the future to those who come: the past is ours. Pliny affirmeth that the unicorn is a fierce and terrible creature; Garcais ab Horto described it as having a head like a horse and he saw one at the Cape of Good Hope; Variomannus, differing, said that those he beheld had a head like a deer, and also they were tame and mansuete animals. As in the matter of heads and disposition, so are the ancients also divided as to the parts that go to make up a unicorn. Says one, the horn is black; another, it is red; the third, 'tis white; Pliny, Aelian and Solinus, the foot of the unicorn is undivided, like that of the elephant; Variomannus, it is footed like a goat; Aelian, it is as big as a horse; Variomannus, as a colt; Thevet, 'tis not so big as a heifer; Paulus Venetus, go to, 'tis larger than an elephant. The unicorn might be captured by a fearless and active man in the following manner. The first thing to do is to pick out a good solid tree, then find your unicorn. Attract his attention and persuade him to chase you, though to be sure, the manner of doing this is not stated. When he makes after you, run for your tree, jump behind, and the animal in his mad rush will shove his horn so far into the protecting trunk that he will be unable to extract it. Thus throughout ancient writings does each author describe in minute detail, claiming ocular assurance, the various members of an animal probably non-existent, but merely the distorted reflection of the rhinoceros, as described by travelers.

The basilisk, another fabulous monster, also greatly exercised the ancient and medieval authors. Such writers as Discordes, Galen and Pliny describe it as a serpent about fifteen inches long, with certain white spots in the form of a crown upon its head. It was said to inhabit the desert of Africa, that being the only place where it could do no harm with its blighting breath; for, say the authorities, its breath burns and destroys vegetation, and any animal unfortunate enough to come within a certain distance has the flesh separated from the bones and so perishes miserably. Some assert it can kill a man with a glance; others, only when it sees the man before the man sees it. This last assertion was doubted by an old writer who says:

"This venetation will (be) needles, yf as before, and is most probable, we conceive the infection of the basilisk to fasten upon the smel rather than the eye: both of these senses, and indeed the five senses, being made by reception only, and not by extramission. Soe that his powerful poysion, which proceeds from his breath, rather than the eye, may invade the sense of smelling, and consequently destroy a man hereby; or may suddenly destroy the harte by drawing in that poysionous airt."

Others hold that a man can only kill a basilisk by using a mirror wherein to look at the reflection and not at the animal directly; a device, it will be remembered, used by Perseus when he slew the Gorgon. Later on the cockatrice, a hieroglyphical fancy, was mistaken for the basilisk of the ancients. It was supposed to be generated from the cock's egg, hatched under a toad or serpent. Says one, it has the head of a cock; another, the head of a man; the third, the head of a hawk. It has a serpentine tail, writes one authority; it may have, but it has eight legs anyhow, writes his rival. Leaving the old authors to fight over this unprofitable subject, we turn to that amiable monstrosity, the griffin.

This chimerical creature, now entirely relegated to an obscure position save in the gentle art of heraldry, was first mentioned by Aristas, a somewhat nebulous personage, about the year 500 B.C. It is averred by Aelian, Solinus, Mela and Herodotus, that in the fore part the griffin resembles an eagle; behind, the shape of a lion, with erected ears, four feet, a long tail, and wings. In Greek mythology, they were sacred to Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance, and also drew the chariot of the golden sun, Apollo. Ktesias declares that in India there are mountains very rich in gold. Inhabiting these mountains, and acting as a guard, are griffins, quadrupeds as large as wolves, with the legs and claws of a lion, red feathers on their breasts, eyes of fire and golden nests. The Arimaspi, a tribe of one-eyed men, fight with the griffins and steal their gold. The long ears on these savage guardians enable them to hear the robbers at work over a great distance, so that the task of getting gold is dangerous, for, if the griffins catch any of the Arimaspi they immediately kill them. Sir Thomas Browne, with his usual skill in getting to the root of the matter, writes:

"The conceit of the griffin, properly taken, being but a symbolical fancy, in so intolerable a shape including allowable morality. So doth it well make out the properties of a guardian, or any person entrusted; the ears implying attention; the wings, celerity of execution; the lion-like shape, courage and audacity; the hooked bill, reserve and tenacity. It is also an emblem of valor and magnanimity, as being compounded of the eagle and lion, the noblest animals in their kinds; and so it is applicable unto princes, presidents, generals, and all heroic commanders; and so is it also bourn in the coat-arms of many noble families of Europe."

Of the phoenix Pliny writes:
"By report he is as big as an eagle, in color yellow, and bright as gold, namely all about the neck, the rest of the bodie a deepe red purple; the taile azure blue, intermingled with feathers among of rose carnation color; and the head bravely adorned with a crest and penneche finely wrought, having a tuft and plume thereupon right faire and goodly to be seen."

It is said that there is only one phoenix in the world, which, after living many hundred years, burns itself. From the ashes arises up another phoenix. One old writer defends the existence of the phoenix, for he thinks that it is never seen by man is no marvel, its instinct teaching it to keep away from this tyrant. Gubernatis informs us that:
"The phoenix is beyond all doubt the eastern and western sun. . . . It is born in the east, in the wood of the sun, and until it has assumed its whole splendid shape it feeds upon dew and perfumes. . . . It then feeds upon all it sees. When it is about to die it thinks only of its new birth. It is said to deposit a little worm the color of milk, in its nest, which becomes its funeral pyre. Before dying it invokes the sun. . . . The sun extinguishes the conflagration which has consumed the phoenix, and from the ashes it arises once more at the dawn."

The mantichoras is another of the charming animals engendered in the riotous imagination of the old writers. The description given by Topsell runs as follows:
"This beast, or rather monster, as Ctesias writeth, is bred among the Indians, having a troble rowe of teeth beneath and above, whose greatness, roughness, and fete are like a lions, his face and eares like unto a mans, his eyes gray, of color red, his taile like a scorpion of the earth, armed with a sting, casting forth sharp pointed quills, his voice like the voice of a small trumpet or pipe, being in course as swift as a hart. . . . Although India be full of divers ravening beastes,



AN IRISH "COAL PIT."

yet none of them are stiled with the title *androphagi*, that is to say, man eaters; except only this mantichora."

The chimera was a creature with three heads and a goat's body. One head like a lion, one like a goat, the third like a dragon. The salamander was supposed to be a lizard which could live in fire and which could extinguish a blaze. So thoroughly was this believed that magicians attempted to put out the flames of burning towns and houses with the aid of salamanders. Then there were the sphynx, harpies, mandrakes, dragons, hircines, and so on, and so on, and of each, one is compelled to say, like Trincule of Caliban:
"An abominable monster! A most ridiculous monster."

DOUGLAS HALLAM.

Shreds and Patches.

A Stock-broker's Term.

"Why do they 'water' stock, my dear?" the little wife inquired. The husband who, of just that kind, had more than he desired. Said: "There are several reasons which they offer; but to me it's plain they water it to 'soak' investors; don't you see?"

A Common Failing.

"Yes, he's a very nice young man, but always talking shop." The pointing miss protested, "and I cannot make him stop; for he's a car conductor, and while calling on me he's persistently remarking, 'Won't you sit up closer, please?'"

Science Refuted.

They tell us sound will travel seven hundred miles an hour; But we have known a yowling cat of wondrous vocal power To perch himself on our back fence and through the live-long night Make sound enough to wake the dead; but travel?—not a mile.

A Happy Time.

When the reckless youth, with bills unpaid,
Succeeds by much persuasion
In having his debts by his pa O.K'd,
He deems it a glad o-k-sion.

A Wrong Inference.

A word or clause may now and then
Have meanings strange and varied;
But it isn't a wooden wedding when
A pair of Poles are married.

NIXON WATERMAN.

"Say, pop, what's a floating debt?"
"Your mother on her annual trip to Europe."
Ella—Death is sad. Stella—Yes, it is the divorce which pays no alimony.
Consistency is a jewel, but all that most people have is a paste imitation.
"What is a magazine, pa?" "Reading-matter between layers of 'frenzied finance.'"
"You should love your enemy." "Ye-es; but, you see—well, I am married to him."
High finance is now getting so high that some people expect to get to heaven from the top of it.
"She introduced him as her cousin once removed, didn't she?" "Oh, no—as her husband once removed."

The Doting Blackbird.

A Blackbird in a Hedgerow made
Her Nest, wherein six Eggs she laid;
Yet, through Dame Fate's malicious Tricks,
Hatched out but one of all the six,
For t' other five, alas! they proved
Wrong 'uns, and had to be removed.

That Blackbird said, at first, she viewed
The Loss of almost all her Brood;
But Consolation soon derived
From the one Squawker that survived,
On whom the Love by Nature meant
For six his dotting Mother spent.
Nay, Troth, she loved in such a Fashion,
It was a blind, unreasoning Passion;
Petted and fussed him, and caressed,
While, callow still, he graced the Nest.
And when, a Fledgling, he must try
To stretch his little Wings and fly,
She, fearful lest he fall, would bring
The aid of her supporting Wing.
And up her darling Novice bear
In Safety, while he tempts the Air.
So, even when full-fledged he'd grown,
Still he'd not learnt to fly alone.

At length, his Mother, taken ill,
Was kept to Nest against her Will;
And Son abroad he needs must stir
For Worms to feed himself and her.
So forth he spread his Wings and flew
Alot through what Birds call "the Blue."
But, unaccustomed there to sport,
Alone, without his Ma's support,
He soon was seized with sudden Fright,
Turned giddy from the dizzy Height;
His Wings, through Panic, lost their Force,
Down, down he fell, in headlong Course,
Was hurled to Earth, with ne'er a Check,
And, landing, broke his precious Neck.

His Mother, when she heard, was wild
With Grief, and all the Gods reviled.
But that observant Sage, Dan Owl,
Reproved thus the frantic Fowl:
"Not to the Gods above, good Dame,
But to yourself impute the Blame.
Had you but had the Sense to spare
Your over-fond and fussy Care,
Had used your Offspring, Grade by Grade,
To fly with less and lesser Aid,
Full long ago the Chick had grown
Inured to flying on his own.
But now, since you would aye be there,
To lend him succour when in Air,
You simply killed his Independence.
By your too-anxious, fond Attendance.
So when—as soon 't was bound to be—
Your Presence was withdrawn," said he,
"At once th' inevitable Wreck
Ensued, and Sonny broke his Neck."

Moral.

(To Parents.)
Observe what dire Result it brings
To keep your Boys in Leading-strings.

"She carried five hundred dollars in her stocking."
"Ah! Money in her own right?"



THE MARSH CALLA

CALLA PALUSTRIS

The specimen from which this drawing was made was found in Grenadier Pond. A few of these Callas have their home there, but a little farther west, quite near the Humber, and just above the railway track, is a good-sized, rather stagnant pool, that is pretty well filled with them.

They naturally frequent cold bogs and grow from long creeping root-stocks to a height of about a foot. The leaves, a rank green in color, are from one and a half to four inches in width. The showy white spathe, of a texture and immaculate purity closely resembling that of the so-called Calla Lily, is from an inch to two and a half inches long and about an inch wide. The true flowers are very small, and are roughly hexagonal in shape, probably from the same cause that makes the cells of a honeycomb hexagonal. They are closely crowded together over the whole surface of the somewhat olive-shaped spathe, standing up about an inch in length within the spathe. The flowers have no perianth of petals or sepals, a very few of the uppermost have stamens only, but the others are all "perfect," having a pistil and usually six stamens. They mature in July or August, forming a large head of red berries.

The Calla is found in the cooler portions of the north temperate zone, in Europe and Asia as well as in America, and ranges throughout the greater part of Canada from Nova Scotia to the Saskatchewan River and Hudson's Bay.

It may be of interest to note that there is only one Calla and that this is it. The Calla is a monotypic genus of the Arum family, and the so-called Calla Lily is neither a Calla nor a Lily, but belongs to another genus—Richardia—of the same Arum family. In contrast with the perfect flowers of the true Calla, the flowers of the Calla Lily are none of them perfect, but have, some of them, two or three stamens each, and no pistil, and the others a pistil and aborted stamens.

A sketch of a single Calla flower, enlarged, appears in the lower left corner of the illustration given above.

SAMARA.

By Their Tongues Ye Shall Know.

AN APPRECIATION OF HENRY JAMES.

IN McGinnis' luncheon parlors in Twenty-second street three young ladies from Simpson & Banford are spending the noon hour. ERMYNTRUDE is curling the feathers on her hat with a table-knife; MAYME is manicuring her nails with a fork, and ALYCE is improving her mind with the twelve-inch headlines of the "Daily Chrome."

ALYCE—Well, wadda yoo think this, gells? Here's a skate call'd Hennerly James sais us Americans domno how to speak th' English langwidge. Th' eyedecal! Justa linsto 't this! He sais we say eyescream 'n Porter Riccer 'n Cew-ber—

MAYME (interrupting)—My Gawd, Ermy, justa look at what yooa doin' to them good Awstrich plooms! Yool have'm lookin' simpsy's a dish rag.

ERMYNTRUDE—Shuttup, Mayme, 'n lissen. Justa 'cause yoo ain't edjewated 's ne call asta why yoo ain't willin' to lissen t' sumpen wenyga got a chanet. Gwan, Alyce.

ALYCE (resuming)—Betcha he's th' kinduva dude we c'called thother night up't Forty-toid and Toid av'na. D' y' mind, Ermy? Th' one 'ut said, "Don't say leave me be, Miss Alyce," 's if they was 'nythin' else too say. Gee, them kinda dudes makes me ache under th' liver. Ide like this 'ere Hennerly James t' tell me I can't speak th' English langwidge! Ide make his mug look like a fried egg under a otowmow-beel. Wy, w'en I was in th' Foist Grade Prim'ry I wrota compositt 'at was jus' grand. Mom has't now 'n th' famly bial, 'n I betcha this here Hennerly James coodn'ta done that! Porter Riccer! huh, Ide liketane woyta woyd say? I s'pose Potaw Rickaw. Well, nona! them affeeshuns fer mine. Give me plain, elagunt English ev'ry time. These 'ere people 'at's forever stickin' theirselves up's sumpin's gen'rally no good anyway. I betcha he coodn't write a thing hisself 'at anyone 'ud know w'at 't meant. Eyescream, huh! I s'pose he'd wantus to say eyescream.

ERMYNTRUDE—My, how yoo gwan, Alyce!

ALYCE—It's acuse I know what lme talkinabout. I didn't git my edjewashun fr nothinan it's sumpin fierce t' feel sumpun's 'round criticis'n us ev'ry thingeya say, wen yoo know yoor right, tew. My Gawd! A pussen ain't got no chanet atall 'ny more, leastwise 'f she ain't gota millyun plunks 'n a paira dimings big uz otowmowbeel lamps'n'er cars. Th' English langwidge, indeed! Nobody can't tell me'st I can't speak proper. They ain't nobody 'n Avena A 'ny better, 'n I live'n th' swell part, too, 's yoo know, Ermy. My Gawd! there goes one a clock! We better git fer th' store 'r thet bum slob 'f a floorwalker 'll give'some English this here Hennerly James ain't never think of—th' insult—in' best!

As they make a bee line across the street the waiter brushes off the table with his apron, and soliloquizes:

Thet's a smart gell. Wisht I had some o' her eddication. I wouldn't be a-coolin' ma heels 'round this j'int long.

TOWN TOPICS.

A New Idea.

"What are the suggestions for the day?"
The greatest philanthropist of the age turned anxiously to his private secretary.

"Remember," he said, half severely, "we must give away ten millions more before the week is over. I simply can't stand it to have money accumulate in this reckless manner. We must get rid of it."

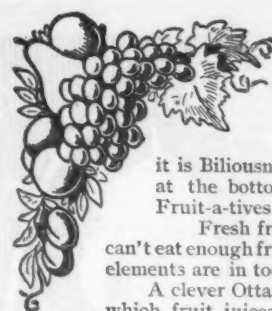
The secretary did not immediately reply.
"I am afraid it is hopeless," said the great philanthropist. "The National Theater says they can't take another cent. Every missionary society is black with cash. The old sailors are all smoking dollar cigars. Universities are storing bonds in barrels in their cellars. Speak, man, your face is lighting up. Have you an idea?"

"I have, indeed," said the private secretary. "Have no fear; all will be well. Here's a man who has given me a clue."

And with a glad smile of relief, the philanthropist read from some unknown correspondent as follows:
"Why not endow a good comfortable home for decrepit millionaires who have given away all their money?"



THINK TWICE, WILLIAM.



Headaches

When the Head aches and the Tongue is Coated

It is Biliousness or Constipation. Torpid Liver is at the bottom of the trouble. And it takes Fruit-a-tives to make that lazy liver work.

Fresh fruit is fine for these troubles, but one can't eat enough fruit to do much good. The medicinal elements are in too small proportion in the ripe fruits.

A clever Ottawa physician discovered a method by which fruit juices could be combined so that their medicinal action would be increased many times.

Fruit-a-tives are these fruit juices in tablet form. They sweeten and tone the stomach and liver, cure Constipation and remove all blood impurities. One Fruit-a-tives tablet has the same curative effect on liver and bowels as dozens of oranges, apples, figs and prunes. And this action is as gentle as the fruit juices themselves.

"I have been suffering with Torpid Liver and Constipation, and find that Fruit-a-tives are just what my system requires to relieve these complaints. I hope many more sufferers will try them."

MRS. WM. TREFFRY, Burnside, Man.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

30c. a box. At all druggists. Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The Apple of Immortality.

(Translated from the Persian.)

THE Brahman Anasindhu was a very pious man, so pious that his friends often compared him to the holy men of ancient times. He was still very young when he retired from the world and went to live in the solitudes of the forest.

Obedient to the law, Parvati, his wife, accompanied him. They both wore garments of leaves and rushes and lived in a hut built of dead wood.

Anasindhu was happy. From day-break to moonrise he prayed and meditated. He tried his mind with the immortal truths and his taste and demands of the flesh were innumerable.

No one knew when he slept or what he ate, and he only opened his mouth to speak two or three times a year. He was very happy indeed.

But Parvati, his wife, was not so content. When she lived in the world, people had told her she was beautiful; and she was not yet so old that her charms had faded.

Every day she spent long hours admiring herself in the clear waters of the spring, and sometimes she was tempted to pluck a scarlet flower and place it in her dark hair behind her pretty ear. But very soon she threw away the unhalloved adornment. No, Parvati was not at all content.

One day while he was meditating, Anasindhu heard a sweet voice cry:

"Anasindhu!"

"Who calls me?" replied the Brahman.

"The goddess Gauri," answered the voice. "I am not permitted to manifest myself to thee; thou couldst not bear so glorious a sight."

"The gods are well pleased with thee, O Brahman; thy pious life has been a sweet incense in their nostrils. They wish to reward thee, and that thou mayest continue forever to be an example of wisdom and austerity to mankind they have sent thee this apple."

"Eat it, Anasindhu. It is the fruit of immortality."

The voice ceased and a rosy apple fell from the clouds at the Brahman's feet. Anasindhu picked it up and was just carrying it to his mouth when a sudden thought struck him.

"Parvati has been always my faithful companion; she has shared my austere retreat. It is just that she should partake of the glory of my immortality! She shall have half of the apple."

He rose and walked slowly to the hut where Parvati lay dreaming of the women's merry chatter by the wells in the cool of the evening.

"Listen, O woman," said Anasindhu. The beautiful Parvati turned, astonished, to her husband. His voice was solemn and imperious.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed.

"A great blessing has come upon us. The gods have looked upon their servant with kindness. I was meditating, according to my custom."

"Alas!" sighed Parvati.

"Listen! Suddenly a mysterious voice called me. The all-powerful goddess Gauri deigned to speak with me. She said that the gods were pleased with my austere life and wished to reward me, and that they sent me this apple, which is the fruit of immortality. I took it. Eat half thereof, Parvati, and we will live together through the eternal ages."

But Parvati demurred.

"To be immortal, to see the years pass and the generations of men with them, that would be a beautiful fate. But, alas! what have I to do with immortality here in this forest? And if we returned to the world, it would be a ceaseless wandering and constant begging—eternal misery!" Two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Why dost thou weep, woman?" asked Anasindhu.

"I weep because—because—Tell me truly, Anasindhu, is the life which we lead here in the forest so happy and beautiful to you?"

"It is pleasing to the gods."

"But doubtless the gods consider that you have denied the world long enough, since they have rewarded you. Might we not return to the city?"

Anasindhu stirred indignantly.

"What dost thou say, Parvati?" he cried.

But he, too, began to consider, and for a long while he was silent. Parvati's beautiful eyes were fastened beseechingly upon him, and she whispered softly:

"Ah, to see the city once more—there are palaces there—stately palaces of gold and marble. We would have many servants, and I should ride in a palanquin of sandalwood, while Anasindhu had a chariot of gold. He would become the king's prime minister, the people would obey him. He would dazzle his subjects with his luxury. He would build mighty temples; all the world would admire him."

Suddenly Anasindhu spoke.

"We will return to the city, woman. I will be useful there and I can still serve the gods. We will beg."

"But would it not be better to amaze the gods with the richness of your offerings?"

"I cannot. I am not rich."

"It were easy to become so."

"How?"

"Listen." In a low voice she added quickly: "Sell the apple of immortality."

Anasindhu trembled.

"Sell a gift of the gods!" he repeated.

"But if you eat it," went on Parvati, persuasively, "you will know only an endless life of struggle and poverty."

"And if it is not as you think, a gift from the gods, you will be no more immortal, having eaten it, than you are now and just as poor. Therefore I counsel you: Go to the city and tell the King that you have brought him the apple of immortality in exchange for much gold, gold enough to become the richest man in the kingdom."

"Then you can glorify the gods in the sight of all men by building wonderful temples decorated with jewels. At least, if you are not immortal you will be happy during your mortal life."

Anasindhu listened to her words, and the next day he went to the city and sold the apple to the King.

The King held the fruit in his hand and thought a long while.

"The pious Brahman who sold me this fruit has renounced immortality," he reflected. "Doubtless he will distribute the gold I gave him in alms and divine offerings. He is a holy man, and I, who am a poor sinner and whose deeds are unworthy of any reward, will become his disciple so far as I may. What have I to do with immortality? I will not eat the apple."

He walked out upon the terrace of the palace gardens. The spring twilight was turning softly to darkness. The air was sweet with the scent of new born flowers and the rustling wings of lovesick birds.

In the garden the Queen was walking with the most beautiful of her maids. The King was happy.

"My Queen is the most gracious of all women," he thought. "Her eyes are living flowers and her voice is the song of a bird; her satin skin is so delicate that the moonbeams burn her. Ah, who can be more beautiful than my Queen?"

He turned and descended quickly into the garden.

"Dazzling one," he said, "here is an apple which I bought from a poor Brahman. It is the fruit of immortality and I give it to thee, O best beloved, that thy beauty, like the stars of the sky, may be imperishable!"

The Queen took the fruit with careless grace. She smiled happily. The King kissed her feet and left her.

But the beautiful Queen did not eat the apple.

The moon rose over the quiet garden. In the palace all the household slept.

The Queen stole secretly out of her apartments. Noiselessly she crept through the corridors and out upon the silent pathways of the park. Once she looked fearfully behind her; but no, all was still.

Below the gardens flowed the river. A boat was hidden beneath the bushes and the Queen was swiftly rowed to the other side. There, in a secluded nook, a man was awaiting her. There was a low sound of kisses.

Then the Queen once more took her seat in the boat and was rowed back across the water. Silently, secretly, she made her way through the park and down the long corridors to her rooms. The dawn had not yet broken, and the palace slept.

As the sun rose the chief of police, with his head held high, bearing himself proudly, walked through the streets to his dwelling. The guards saluted him humbly, saying to themselves:

"What a zealous man is our chief!"



"THE CHEAT" (WITH APOLOGIES TO THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.)
The Editor regrets that after mature consideration he is unable to decide which of the players is not cheating.

Instead of sleeping idly through the night he goes about the city watching that all is right. We must be careful lest he catch us careless of our duty."

Beneath his cloak the chief of police bore a withered apple.

"It is the Queen's gift," he was thinking to himself. "This fruit will make me immortal. How she loves me! She is gracious, too, and the perfume of her caress is very sweet—and besides, she is the Queen."

He sighed.

"Nevertheless, she is not so beautiful as my neighbor's servant. Ah, little one, best beloved of my heart! Thou art not of noble birth, but the god of love has formed his quiver of thine eyebrows and has shot the glances of the eyes, like arrows, against my bare heart."

He sighed again.

"To-night will be more beautiful than last night! It is thou whom I shall see, thou whom I love! Thy beauty is perfect. Only one thing thou lackest to become a goddess, and this I will give thee. I will make thee immortal!"

The King was receiving his subjects. A woman, young and very pretty, dressed in a poor servant's clothes, advanced toward the throne. Throwing herself at the King's feet, she said timidly:

"Lord of all the world, I am only a servant, the poorest of all people, but by a strange accident I have received the most precious of gifts. It is this apple, the fruit of immortality! What should I, who am nothing, do with an attribute which belongs to the gods alone? Take it, great King, and fill the world through countless ages with thy splendor and goodness."

He gripped the apple. He grew pale, but soon the red light of anger flushed his cheeks and he cried:

"I wish to be alone with this woman!"

His command was obeyed and the room immediately became empty.

"Miserable one, who gave you this fruit?" the King demanded as soon as they were alone.

"The pretty servant trembled.

"Speak!" he roared.

"Be merciful, O King," she pleaded. "My betrothed gave it to me."

"Who is your betrothed?"

"Most gracious lord, the god of love is all-powerful—if I have been too bold—"

"His name?"

"The little servant smiled happily.

"Ah, he is very beautiful, my lord. Who could resist him?"

"Tell me his name or you die," repeated the King angrily.

"He is the chief of thy police, sire."

"You may go now," said the King.

"Send for the chief of my police and bring him before me," he ordered his messenger.

When the chief appeared the King demanded abruptly:

"Who gave you this fruit?"

"The man was afraid and did not know what to reply."

"There was a thief last night in the palace garden—"

But the King interrupted him.

"You shall die, but tell me the truth before you are killed!"

The chief of police smiled.

"It is well. If I am to die, I will tell the truth. The Queen gave me the apple."

"Ah," groaned the mighty King, "I had hoped—the Queen—but why did she give it to you?"

"All-powerful Majesty, the Queen—loves me—"

The King grew white with wrath.

"Summon the executioner!" he commanded. "This man must be dead within an hour!"

For a long time the King wept disconsolate. Then he sent for the priest of the palace.

"Friend," he said, "this life is made up of strange changes. Yesterday I was the happiest of men; to-day I am the most unhappy. Take my gold and my riches and divide them among the holy men and the poor; as for my kingdom, I abandon it to my brother. I am going away from the city forever. I shall become the most humble of beggars and I shall go through the

world sleeping by the wayside and seeking from others the little I need to keep me from death. May the gods soon receive me among themselves."

He wept again bitterly as he added:

"Build a mighty funeral pile in the chief square of the city and lead the Queen there, chained as a criminal. Alas! only the fierce flames can purify her."

The priest bowed low and went out. The King looked at the apple.

"As for this fruit," he thought, "I will give it to the first passerby whom I meet."

He hastened to leave the palace. He was dressed in rags and he was weeping bitterly. It was not for his riches nor for his kingdom that he wept, but for the sight of the red flames leaping in the distance.

Suddenly a voice cried harshly:

"Way, make way for our illustrious master, the mighty Anasindhu!"

A troop of slaves ran by the side of a litter in which lay a man richly dressed in silk and gold. The King recognized the Brahman who had sold him the fatal fruit.

He drew near to the litter.

"Brahman," he said, "I return to you what you sold me. Of a truth, you alone were worthy to possess so great a treasure. It has not brought me happiness. Take it back. Become immortal, and if happiness is possible in this world, be happy!"

He handed the apple to the Brahman and disappeared.

Anasindhu recognized the fruit. He smiled slightly.

"I will eat it," he said, "for it is the wish of the gods that I should be immortal."

He lifted the apple to his mouth. Before he could bite it the fruit slipped from his hand and fell to the ground.

A hungry dog was passing by who seized it quickly and swallowed it at a mouthful.

And so, at last, it was a dog who ate the apple of immortality!

Reduced Rates to Asbury Park.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad. Account Meeting National Educational Association.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the meeting of the National Educational Association, to be held at Asbury Park, N.J., July 3 to 7, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Asbury Park from points more than one hundred miles from Asbury Park, i. e., Chester, Pa., Wallingford, Pa., Villa Nova, Pa., Spring Mill, Pa., Carpenterville, N. J., Clayton, N. J., Harrisonville, N. J., Monroeville, N. J., Bridgeport, N. J., Waterford, N. J., and all stations beyond these points, at reduced rates. These tickets will be sold July 1, 2 and 3, and will be good to return leaving Asbury Park not earlier than July 3 nor later than July 10, except that upon deposit of ticket with Joint Agent at Asbury Park not later than July 10, and payment of fee of fifty cents, an extension of return limit may be obtained to August 31 inclusive. Tickets will be sold to Asbury Park via direct route and also via New York City in both directions, and will be honored only as they read. Stop-over will be allowed at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia within transit limit on going trip, and within ten days, not to exceed final limit, on return trip, on all tickets reading via these cities. Stop-over within final limit will be allowed at New York on return trip, on tickets reading through that city by deposit of ticket with Joint Agent at New York within one day after validation at Asbury Park and payment of fee of \$1. For specific rates, routes, and stop-over conditions consult nearest Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agent.

Regrettable.

A certain editor was visited in his office by a ferocious-looking military gentleman who exclaimed, excitedly, as he entered: "That notice of my death in your paper to-day is a lie, sir. I'll horse-

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Blue Ribbon is and Always Will be the Best.

Queen Quality



The advent of "Queen Quality" Oxfords is fortunate for those who appreciate the really smart and correct things in dress yet at a moderate and economical price.

"Queen Quality" Oxfords are characterized by those subtle qualities of style that appeal to women of discriminating taste. They cost no more than the commonplace.

TAN OXFORDS

THIS has been a wonderful season for Oxfords, particularly tans—so great has been the demand that many lines less complete than the "Queen Quality" would ere now have been broken in sizes and assortments. You should see the "Queen Quality" styles in Russian Calf and Brown Kid, in both the "Swagger" shapes with striking extension soles, and the natty styles with close edge and thin sole. Regular Styles \$3.00, Custom Grade \$3.75.

FOR SALE IN TORONTO ONLY AT THIS STORE.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

whip you in public, sir, if you don't apologize in your next issue."

The next day the editor inserted the following apology:

"We extremely regret to announce that the paragraph in our issue of yesterday which stated that Colonel Brimstone was dead is without foundation."

The Kaiser's Recessional.

My Fleet is floated. My appeal Has done its work. No longer frantic.

Behold empanoplied in steel The Admiral of the Atlantic—No, no: pacific! Each increase Floats a new syndicate of peace.

(Count von Bülow, with Semichorus of semi-official Editors): "Pacific" with the least of p's!

All tempting themes are under ban: Huns, Yellow Peril, Sea-power—all, With Russia prone before Japan.

And Briton reconciled to Gaul... A quick foil and a supple wrist Seem timelier now than mail-clad fist.

My Bill's preamble seemed to drag A challenge in; but then, perforce, 'Twas but as a preambling nag.

That I could mount that hobby-horse. What was the world to understand? Oh, Just solvitur pracambulando!

(Semichorus of Pan-German Professors): Just solvitur pracambulando!

Half-sailor I: a faint cobalt Tinges my veins. But when I claim That German Michael is a salt—

Take it cum grano of the same. Salt? Loud I vaunt his saline worth; But, Gott in Himmel! of the earth!

(Semichorus of semi-official Editors): Salt, Gott in Himmel! of the earth!

Napoleon, Alexander, both I might outdo if I began it; But I have sworn a solemn oath—

I will not subjugate the planet! And you will grant me, one Kiao-chau Scarcely invalidates the vow.

(Count von Bülow with authentic interpretation emphasis): Does not invalidate the vow.

Germany's future's... in the air. A different motto once I taught her: 'Tis time that misprint to repair.

To read, for "water," "milk-and-water."

A future in the air—so high It almost escalades the sky.

Exit to Tangier.

I now proclaim the real, the true World-empire that from youth I dreamed:—

"Let folks alone and they'll let you, Be good, and you will be esteemed." I send this Olive-branch, with greetings, To Roosevelt and Mothers' Meetings.

(He pauses to moisten his lips with a Tangerine orange. The fruit is apparently sub-acid.)

I like the nations—in their place; But heaven and I have taken pains To make a perfect German race.

A model pure from foreign stains. A heaven on earth the world shall see—A heaven made in Germany!

(Count von Bülow, in chest-notes, and full chorus of Pan-German Professors and semi-official Editors): A heaven made in Germany!

F. E. G.



Clark's DELICIOUS

Pork & Beans

The Best Pork, Finest Beans, most skillful seasoning and scientific cooking. A most nutritious and palatable food for old or young.

Sold in Tins, Ready to serve, by all dealers

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For Over 60 Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of Mothers for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with perfect success. IT SOOTHES the CHILDS, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all pain, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. 25 Cents a Bottle.

An Old and Well-tried Remedy

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INVIGORATING PORTER

DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.

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Anecdotal

President Sprague, of the Union Dime Savings Bank of New York, says that he was called up on the telephone one day and addressed thus, apparently in all seriousness: "Is this the Union Dime Savings Bank?" "Yes." "Well, I want to know if a non-union man can deposit in your bank."

A well-dressed man who registered at a hotel in St. Joseph, Mo., casually remarked that he never traveled without his own fire escape, at the same time exhibiting the contrivance which he carried. "In case of fire," he said, "I can let myself down from any hotel window." The landlord said, gravely: "Our terms for guests with fire-escapes are cash in advance."

Dr. Jowett, of Oxford, was a formidable wit. At a gathering at which he was present, the talk ran upon the comparative gifts of two Babel men who had been, respectively, made a judge and a bishop. Professor Henry Smith, famous in his day for his brilliancy, pronounced the bishop to be the greater man of the two for this reason: "A judge, at the most, can only say, 'You be hanged,' whereas a bishop can say, 'You be damned.'" "Yes," said Dr. Jowett, "but if the judge says, 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

Laurence Hutton cites as the most amusing and, at the time, most-perplexing, typographical error in his long journalistic and literary career, one which occurred in an article he wrote at the time of the consolidation of the Astor, Tilden and Lenox libraries, in which he was made to express the following remarkable opinion: "New York, perhaps, has never fully realized until this day how greatly it has been enriched by the receipt of the vest buttons of James Lenox!" He had written "vast bequests."

In England there's a pretty little country hotel known as the Rose Tavern. Close at hand, in the hotel grounds, is a quaint old ivy-mantled chapel. If the hotel becomes overcrowded, as it does now and then, they put away the guests in the chapel. A traveling man occupied it one night. At six o'clock the next morning the loud pealing of the chapel bell roused the night clerk, who rushed over to the chapel in great alarm and encountered the traveling man. "Are you the night clerk?" asked the traveling man. "I am," said the night clerk. "What's the jolly row?" "Well for heaven's sake," said the traveling man, "rush me over a cocktail to paw it."

An Englishman, while passing along the main street in Bangor, Me., stepped in a hole in the sidewalk and, falling, broke his leg. He brought suit against the city for one thousand dollars, and engaged Hannibal Hamill for counsel. Hamill won his case, but the city appealed to the supreme court. Here, also, the decision was for Hamill's client. After settling up the claim, Hamill sent for his client and handed him one dollar. "What's this?" asked the Englishman. "That's your damages, after taking out my fee, the cost of appeal, and several other expenses," said Hamill. The Englishman looked at the dollar and then at Hamill. "What's the matter with this?" he asked. "Is it bad?"

In the Woods.

A New York man fond of passing much of his time in the Adirondacks tells a story which it is thought has never before been published, with reference to a visit made to the picturesque region by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

According to one of the old guides, who remembered the philosopher, Emerson had enjoyed his stay immensely. Once someone asked this guide, known as "Steve," what sort of an impression the Sage of Concord had made upon the natives.

"Well, sir," obligingly responded the guide, "he was a gentleman, every inch of him; as nice a chap as you'd care to see, pleasant and kind. And he was a scholar, too, allus fingerin' studin' and writin' though he did think he'd had a better time a huntin' an' a-fishin'; but, sir, I'm here to state that he was the all-firedest, homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these woods."

British Public in Blinkers.

Administrators are apt to fall into the habit of regarding the British public as an animal that is safe only when the blinkers are on. Let him see as little as possible of what is going on around him is their idea. The sole result of this short-sighted attitude is a reciprocal distrust. The animal is anything but timid naturally. It is the precautions of nervous attendants that upset him.—Pioneer, Allahabad.

"The Book Shop."

Art Works as Gifts For Brides

Nothing is more appreciated for home beautification than choice works of art. They afford gratification and education, therefore suitable for wedding or other gifts. Our art room is replete with beautiful replicas and sketches of modern artists. Prices popular.

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Toronto.



J. M. Barrie.

HERE was a star danced, and under that was James Matthew Barrie born; for so he was named, in "Thru the Reins," by his earthly parents, "Margaret Ogilvy" and her husband. He has another name—though none here knows it—which was given him by his fairy godmother. This was that very Mab. She came to the christening with a pot of honey-dew, and promised the child three things: "He shall be a boy as long as he lives; he shall have a way with him, so that people shall like him to be always a boy; and he shall have the courage to go on being a boy, however hard they try to make him grow up."

So it has happened. He has lived just forty-five years and one week, and he is still a boy. He has known poverty, drudgery, and all those aging things; he has read and thought, and married, and been made (surely with a touch of his own whimsicality), a Doctor of Laws; but he has never grown up. His heart, like that of the postilion in *Rosamond*, is still "the heart of a boy." Perhaps he knew from the first that it always would be, and that there was plenty of time before him to get people used to the idea. At any rate, he was in no hurry to display his godmother's first gift. He was a boy, and therefore shy; he was, too, a Scotch boy, and may be supposed to have had a spice of the canny in him. For all that anyone could see, he was just an earthly child, a true son of that bleak Scotch village, the life of which he was watching with boyish keenness and some mischievous delight. But all the while he was feeling his way with the world as a child will feel his way with a strange growing-up, testing it to find out how far he might venture to be himself, and how far the world was ready to join in the fun. He began by doing things which he knew the grown-ups would like; thanks to that way with him, which was Mab's second gift, the grown-ups liked them very much. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, very big and grown-up indeed, was the first to be taken by that charm of his, and told others what a clever boy and a nice boy this was. This encouraged the boy stripped himself little by little of his shyness. A little more and a little more of his boy's nature began to peep out; now its jollity, now its sharp sight, now its ready sentiment, and now even a dash of the cruelty of the boy and the sentimentalist. Then the time came when he knew that he was safe. He had charmed the grown-ups; they were all his friends. He might safely be all himself; and all at once: the clear-sighted, sympathetic, sentimental, heartless, tender, wayward thing that is a boy; the whimsical, fantastic, irresistible thing that is a boy with a fairy godmother. And now the time has come when the third gift must be used. Some unwise ones among the grown-ups, charmed in spite of themselves, are telling him that he is too clever and too lovable to be always a boy; he should grow up and be a man, a serious man; they will not like him any longer unless he does. There is no danger that he will. Queen Mab gave him courage, and he has learned by now that, after all, what the grown-ups think does not matter. Some day he will write a story or a play about the people who were afraid to be themselves.

He is himself, and he is a boy. Young things are of no sex, and the mind of a natural boy has as much of the feminine as the natural girl's of the masculine. Young things are quick to feel and are governed by their feelings, but they do not feel deeply or long. They are sentimental, not profound. The moment is all, and the whim of the moment will make them heartless, even cruel. So it is with Barrie. And that, not because he lacks sympathy or likes being cruel, but because he is quick to catch the ridiculous, and in the innocence of boyhood analyzes his morality no more than his joy in a game of cricket. The

sign-posts by which the grown-ups trace their painful way along the road are nothing to him as he races about his meadow, now glad because a mother-bird is feeding her young, now sad because a butterfly has lost a wing—and now absorbed in watching its loquacious antics. For him there is no chain of milestones, leading one to the other, past to present, present to future, along the ordered road. There is no progression, no settled development. To be free is to be happy, to dart from this to that as the fancy will. No one can say what he will do with it. *Sentimental Tommy* he turned into *Thomas Sandys*; he has glorified motherhood and domesticity, and sent Peter Pan flying back to his tree-top. He wrote the last act of *The Admirable Crichton*, but he created the *Little Mother*, and gave his arm to a heggar-woman whom he found in his garden. You must not ask him what he thinks, what his views are. He does not think; he perceives and enjoys. There is no saying what he will be at next. Only this is certain, that whatever he takes up he will touch with magic, will transform as he touches it, even if it is that old domestic theme which we thought was long ago thumbed to death. It is not only that the boy is a charming boy, a compelling creature to whose pipe we must dance; whose laugh makes us shake our sides, hardly asking what the joke is. Queen Mab knows her duty as a godmother. She is always having the boy to stay with her; and out of her world and ours he builds up a world of his own, where there is no barrier between the real and the unreal, the commonplace and the fantastic. In his fairyhood lies his strength. He does not always talk about that land, but you can never forget that he has been there quite lately.

Not once in a century does the stardance and Queen Mab stand godmother to an earth-born child, though now and then some dull moralist will lay a false claim to these honors. Every child who really receives them is

"A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay!"

but of all those few none has found the world so ready to be waylaid and to join in the fun as Barrie. Queen Mab has been very kind to him. She has taught him all the tricksiness of a good fairy, with none of the spitefulness of a bad fairy; he is full of the *French malice* and has no spark of the English malice. And so the wise ones among the grown-ups, judging him by none of their own standards, let him play with them as he will, and love him for it.

A New Anesthetic.

"Chlorohydrate of Dimethylamino-benzoylpentanol." Such is the awe-inspiring title of the latest anesthetic. In order not to unduly alarm his patients, Dr. Fournet, its French discoverer, has renamed it "Stovaine."

It is injected into the spinal fluid, and within five minutes produces complete anesthesia in the body below the point of injection. The patient, however, does not lose consciousness. Its effects last for an hour and a half, and no unpleasant results have yet been observed, though it has been tried for some time in more than one Paris hospital.

English doctors are reluctant to experiment with it. "Once you have injected your 'Stovaine' into the spine," said a prominent F. R. C. S. one day, "you have no more control over it, but with gaseous anesthetics it is possible to stop the administration before the danger point is reached. As the quantity needed of any anesthetic varies with the individual patient, the importance of this control may be easily realized."

In addition, there is always a danger of septic poisoning in hypodermic injections, and in this form of injection into the spinal fluid—the consequences would be most disastrous.

Rockefeller's First Plunge.

WHEN the oil discovery of 1862 first struck the Titusville (Pa.) district, there was a firm of commission merchants doing business in Cleveland, Ohio, under the sign of Clark & Rockefeller.

The beginning of the name of the junior partner was John D., and from the first news of El Dorado he seemed to be keenly interested in all oil talk. He had been in Titusville several times on business, dealing usually with a man named Franklin Breed, and after the news from the field had grown better for weeks following weeks, Rockefeller again went to the little town, stopping with Mr. Breed.

He arrived a Monday afternoon in December, and for perhaps an hour the two transacted such business as their houses had in common. Then the Cleveland broker broached the subject of oil, which remained the sole topic of conversation until supper, and through it, and after it till bedtime. The result was a promise from Breed to show his guest in the morning a well which he had just bought at Petroleum Center, not far away. And at once after breakfast the two set out.

In those days Petroleum Center was connected with Titusville merely by a country road, and horseback was the only mode of locomotion unless one walked, and with a December thaw mixing the snow with the Pennsylvania mud, walking was not a thing to be desired. Nevertheless the sight-seers had to leave their horses at last, in order to cross a bayou which intervened between them and the Breed well. The ditch was some hundred yards long, and perhaps six or seven wide, spanned at the point of travel by a log not more than eight inches in diameter, then wet and greasy from the weather. Beneath it lay a tarry mixture, compound of the sediment from the big tanks near-by and the drainings of the muddy country-side.

Breed crossed first and safely; Rockefeller crossed second and fell in. That is, he straddled the log, plunging nearly to the hips in the unsavory mess. Then, as he was being dragged out of his predicament, he remarked:

"There's one thing mighty sure, Breed. You've got me into this oil business pretty nearly head over ears. As they say out at the Forest City race-track, I have suddenly developed into a plunger."

As a matter of fact, it may be added, the visitor did not return to his home till he had bought from his host the first lot of oil which ever had been sold from his well—paid fifteen hundred dollars for it—and from that day became more and more closely associated with the business, until now, to quote Breed himself, "he is the oil business."

Russia's Latest Loss May Herald Her Greatest Gain.

NOW that another chapter entitled "The Battle of Tsushima" has been added to sea-fighting annals, the world is asking itself—What is the moral of the story? The obvious answer is that the loss of thirteen warships by sinking and of eighteen by capture, the imprisonment of 3000 fighting men and three admirals, including the commander of the squadron, means the doom of whatever naval prestige Russia possessed. She has had little to boast of since the beginning of the war, and that little has steadily diminished with each engagement until now the vanishing point has been reached. The first disaster at Port Arthur was ill-luck; Prince Oukhtomsky's fatal sortie and overwhelming defeat in the Gulf of Pechili was misfortune now Rojstevsky's rout in the Korean Strait spells debacle.

Naval experts will learn from the fight to estimate more correctly the relative importance of battleships and torpedo boats. The Japanese have probably settled that moot question, but a much more important result than that will accrue. Those who try to view passing events in such a way as to get the general effect that usually comes from the perspective of history read in this crowning loss the possible salvation of the Russian Empire. By land and sea, Russian arms have suffered an unbroken series of defeats ever since Vice-Admiral Togo took Alexieff by surprise on that historic 8th of February. Japanese generals have forced their opponents back mile by mile through Manchuria while the Japanese admiral and his captains have cleared Asiatic waters of the Russian ships. There has been no word spoken against the Russian soldiers and sailors. They have fought stubbornly and died bravely. The blame rests with their commanders, and those commanders are part of the grand-ducal regime to which so much opprobrium attaches. The revolutionary party in Russia has attributed most of the evils that afflict the country to the closed circle of brothers and cousins and uncles which surrounds the Czar like a cordon of police. The world has come to agree with them. It realizes that the Autocrat of all the Russias is not the weakling who weeps at the news of defeat but a many-headed monster that rules the country as absolutely as it rules the monarch. No one who esteems law and order will approve the bloody extermination of this grand-ducal hydra which the anarchists of the empire are attempting. The problem will not be solved in that way. It will probably work itself out along the lines of utility.

The titled voluntparies who mismanage armies and navies as well as finances, carrying their corrupt methods into places where thousands of human lives are at stake, will be thrown out of authority as the drones are driven from the hive. Alexieff and Rojstevsky are creatures of the same decadent system which has produced Boris and the rest of the vicious coterie that has debauched Russia. The latest crushing defeat which the Russian ships steamed some ten thousand miles to encounter may be pointed out in the histories of the future as the immediate cause of constitutional government in the empire.—The San Francisco Bulletin.

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Illustrated literature and further information as to routes and rates may be obtained at Grand Trunk City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, (Phone, Main 4200).

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THE annual closing concert of the Toronto College of Music always attracts large audiences, so numerous are the friends and relatives of the students of the institution. There is, moreover, always a fair representation of the general public, who are desirous of ascertaining the character of the work done at the College as shown by results. Last Tuesday's closing concert was no exception to the rule, and was attended by a gathering that almost filled Massey Hall. Some delay and annoyance were caused by the very numerous late arrivals. It seems impossible to cure Toronto people of their bad habit and bad taste in arriving at concerts and theaters from ten minutes to half an hour after the time advertised for the beginning of the performance. The programme as carried out reflected considerable credit upon the teaching methods of the College as well as proving the possession of uncommon talent by those who appeared. The pianists who were pupils of Dr. Torrington showed all a more or less well-developed technique, promising musical attainments and intelligence, and a good command of tone qualities. All these points were noted in the performance of Miss Lewetia Cairns, who gave Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante*; Miss Mamie Macdonald, whose solo was the first movement of Chopin's Concerto in F minor; Miss Pauline B. Grant, who played the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor with the Reinecke cadenza; and Miss Dollie Blair, a specially gifted student, who contributed the first movement of the Moszkowski Concerto, Op. 59. The achievements of these young ladies were recognized with liberal applause. The vocal portion of the concert was also marked by many meritorious features. The singers revealed good voices, a sympathetic timbre and powers of vocalization evidently well cultivated. Miss Jennie Farquhar sang Sullivan's *Lost Chord*; Miss Katharine Ellis, Rossini's *Di tanti palpiti*; Miss Ethel M. Robinson, *Tacea la notte from Trovatore*; Miss Alvina Springer, the Rossini cavatina *Una voce poco fa*; Miss Jackson, the *Jewel Song from Faust*; and Miss Nellie Van Camp and Arthur V. Leithner the duo by Hoffman, *I feel thy Angel Spirit*, and made a most pleasing impression. All, with the exception of the last three, are pupils of Dr. Torrington. Miss Mamie Jackson is a pupil of Mr. S. H. Burnett, to whose instruction she did infinite credit, making a great hit in the *Faust* song. Miss Van Camp and Mr. Leithner are being taught by Mr. J. D. Richardson, and their duet was heartily applauded. The only organ solo was that contributed by Thomas Sargent, who played with ability and judgment Handel's Concerto, Op. 9, No. 2. The various solos were all given with orchestral accompaniment conducted by Dr. Torrington himself.

Dr. Ham will spend his vacation in England and will leave here on July 1. He will revisit his native city, Taunton, and will make a trip to London. He expects to have the pleasure of meeting Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. Cowen, Dr. Villiers Stanford and other representative composers.

The following interesting note on the origin of *Within a Mile of Edinboro* is found in the collection of popular tunes issued by the John Church Company. The information "It may be news to many to learn that this song is not a true Scottish melody. Many careless commentators imagine that the only characteristic of a Scottish melody is the Scotch snap—a sixteenth note followed by a dotted eighth. We have it on the authority of the grandfather of the present Dean of the University of Edinburgh that this song was composed by an Italian musician who wandered that he could successfully imitate the Scottish vein. He certainly succeeded. He used the 'Scotch snap' incessantly and wrote in the six note scale, for the F sharps which are now given in the song are recent interpolations."

Mr. R. S. Pigott, the well known singing master, will probably spend his holiday in the city.

The following story is told of Joseffy. One of the young women pupils at the National Conservatory, who believe that they can get better instruction on the piano in Europe than in America, called on him and begged permission to play, so as to get his advice as to what teacher she had better go to abroad. "It is not necessary for me to hear you play," said the pianist. "Then will you tell me what teacher you would recommend?" "Well," replied Joseffy, "in my days Liszt and Tausig were reputed the best teachers. If you could get one of them—" "But," exclaimed the young lady, "they are dead." "Are they?" said Joseffy calmly. "Well, you see, it's a long time since I was in Europe." And that ended the interview.

The Klitties' Band are to appear in Toronto on the 30th inst and July 1, at Massey Hall. They will give two evening concerts and one matinee. There will be considerable curiosity to hear this organization, partly on account of the glowing reports of the reception they met in England. The band number forty-five, and have with them six Highland dancers and four pipers. It is not said whether the pipers will play four different tunes all at the same time.

It is announced that Emma Eames, the distinguished soprano, will appear in concert at Massey Hall, October 13. She will have the assistance of Holman,

the great solo violinist, who has not been heard in this city since he was here many years ago with Wolf, the violinist, and of Mr. Vogt's church choir, who will sing Gounod's motette, *Gallia*.

Mr. Sebastian H. Burnett leaves on Saturday night for the Pacific Coast where he will pass his vacation. He is looked to give song recitals in Aberdeen, Chehalis and Seattle, Wash., and will also sing in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Arthur Blight held the closing recital by his pupils on June 14th in Guild Hall, it being the fourth held this season. The pupils showed exceptional talent, and sang with conspicuous taste. The following took part: Miss Louise Melnisch, Miss Rosa Gillard, Miss Alice White, Miss Lottie Watson, Miss Selina C. Smith, Miss Pearl Spaulding, and Messrs. James Watson, Walter Roddis, Bert Brown, Frederick Curtis, Edmund Killer, and Master Clarence Edwards. Assistance was given by Miss Irene Weaver, reader, whose readings are one of the features of these recitals. The Blight Ladies' Quartette, also the Blight Male Quartette, made distinct impressions. Miss Dorothea Davis was the accompanist.

Mr. Thomas Stevenson, pupil of Mr. David Ross, has been appointed choir-master of Knox Presbyterian Church, Stratford.

To the second number of the *Royal College of Music Magazine*, Albert Visetti contributes a vivacious account of his experiences at Milan on the arrival there of Gounod to conduct his opera, *Faust*. It appears that when the train drew up the composer was sought in vain. "Where is he?" the crowd cried. "A sudden disturbance on the other side of the platform caused us to look. We beheld a man tearing at top speed, pursued by a few stragglers, along the metals in the direction from which the train had just come. It was Gounod. Having put his head out of the window, his hat had been blown off. Careful searching, however, failed to find it, so we escorted him back to the arrival platform, where every one within reach proffered their hats for his approval and acceptance. He took mine. The crowd cheered me—and I caught cold."

The great vocal teacher, Manuel Garcia, whose hundredth birthday was recently celebrated in London, ascribes his hale old age to his great moderation and his great mental and physical activity. He did not touch wine or spirits until he was ninety. "Singing," he has often said, "cannot be taught. I can only tell you what and how to sing, and try to awaken your intelligence so that you may learn to criticize your own singing as severely as I do. Listen to yourself, use your brain; if I can teach you this, it is a great deal."

Paderewski's *Châlet* at Morrens, Switzerland, is thus described by a correspondent of the *Frankfurter-Zeitung*: "Châlet, in German, means a herdsman's cottage; wealthy persons on the Lake of Geneva, however, when they want to betray real modesty, favor this term for their villas even when they are worth half a million or a million francs, as Paderewski's *Fuscium* is. Its location is some distance away from the roads, yet easily accessible. If you visit the pleasant little town of Morges on the Lake of Geneva, and walk west toward the picturesque village of Jolochenz, you will in a quarter of an hour reach a shady park, amid which the 'Châlet de Riond Bosson' presents an imposing appearance. If you heed the warning notice on the gate: 'N'entrez pas sans sonner, prenez garde aux chiens,' you may enter the grounds without danger. At most you will risk having your clothes torn, for Paderewski's dogs have particularly sharp teeth. By way of compensation, there are many beautiful things to see on the other side of the wire fence. Of course the little castle of the Polish virtuoso is not open to everybody, not even in the absence of the owner, but all may visit the beautiful park which was planted by the Duchess of Orléans. The widow of Fouché, the notorious police commissioner of Napoleon I, bought this place in 1821 and occupied it a long time. After her death the Châlet de Riond Bosson came into possession of her heirs, the Viscounts d'Estournel, and the Count Le Marois, who sold it in 1838 to Paderewski. On emerging from the shady walks of the park, the visitor comes upon an enchanting scene. In the foreground lies the antique little town of Morges; back of it is the semi-circular blue expanse of the lake, and beyond that tower the snowy peaks of the Alps. Doubly beautiful is this view on a fine May day when the countless fruit trees are in blossom. Behind the orchard is a big greenhouse containing nothing but grapes for the table."

A timely plea for composers is made by the Philadelphia *Etude*: "If Mr. Carnegie would discover the musical world and give it even half as much encouragement, what great artistic results might come from America. Our best composers are, of necessity, driven to write their studies and researches. They must dig for the dollar that is to sustain life. Consequently, each class can do but a portion of the composition and the writing that it might do if the necessity for the struggle for mere existence were removed. True, much music has been the outcome of poverty, sickness and despair; but how much more might have resulted had Mozart and Schubert, and Franz, and countless others, been placed beyond the reach of poverty! 'If every year, only ten men in this country—the most likely ten—were relieved of all necessity for distasteful work and permitted to give their best endeavors to composition, what an array of artistic works might come from American pens! There were men whose only place in history was made by their giving financial support to one of the greatest composers. Carnegie has already made such a place in other lines; but did he turn his attention to the art world, his post-mortem fame would

shine in still greater light and his legacy to the world would add much to its future joy and satisfaction."

A very successful concert was given at the Toronto Junction College of Music on Monday night, when a large audience of music-lovers assembled to hear Miss Marie E. Wylie, a talented young pianist, who has for years studied with Mr. H. M. Field. The assisting artists were Mrs. W. M. Douglas of the new St. Andrew's Church, who is always warmly received at the Junction on account of her delightful singing; Miss Mara C. Hough, contralto, of the College staff, and Mr. R. S. Pigott, the popular baritone, who was in fine voice and had to respond to several encores. Miss Wylie's playing is marked by a certain originality of style which appealed to her hearers in a striking manner. Her numbers included compositions by Beethoven, Bach, Field, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Rubinstein, which gave the player abundant scope to display her versatility. The Saint-Saens arrangement of the *Bach Bourree* was given in happy vein and evoked enthusiastic applause. The ease with which difficult passages were performed showed a perfect technique and a conscientious rendering was given of all the numbers. Miss Wylie is one of several new teachers to be added to the staff of the Junction College in September. The College will in the coming season have the strongest staff in its history.

A delightful song recital was given in St. George's Hall last Thursday evening by the pupils of Mrs. Mildred Walker. Miss Hazel Bell fairly captivated the audience with her rendering of the *Arditi Waltz*. In response to an enthusiastic encore she sang *Villanelle* with splendid style and finish. She possesses a soprano voice of great brilliancy, and the freedom with which she uses it denotes a thorough training. The Misses Sherris, Hollinrake, Bridgeford, Carroll and Bealey also seemed to please the audience with their selections and were heartily encored. Mrs. Walker made an efficient accompanist and was presented with a handsome bouquet of American Beauty roses.

Mr. W. Y. Archibald, the well known teacher of singing, will spend the summer at the Island. Mr. Archibald intends teaching at his studio, Nordheimer's, every morning during the summer months for the benefit of those who for various reasons have not been able to study during the winter months. The course given by Mr. Archibald includes not only the art of tone production and artistic singing, but also full instructions in physical culture and the art of breathing.

Great Hippodrome Acts.
World's Finest Shows to be Presented Here Next Week.

But two more days of anticipation and waiting for the public prior to the opening of Toronto summer festival. On next Monday the arrival of Mundy shows will be welcomed with due pomp and ceremony, following which the grand escort through the main thoroughfares of the city to the carnival grounds will be held. The Pike or Midway of amusement attractions will not be open to the public until 7 o'clock Monday night at Harbor Park.

The summer festival Midway attractions will be clean. There will be no objectionable features and nothing which any father can fear his daughter witnessing.

How many individual shows will there be? Twenty.

How many people are attached in all to the Mundy organization? Over 300.

How many distinct attractions will there be? Thirty-five.

How many features are claimed? Greater by far in numbers than are contained in all the other carnival companies in the United States and Canada.

The attractions of the Hippodrome include that famous man, Diavolo, who keeps the loop on a bicycle twice daily—one in the afternoon and again at night. Diavolo's great ride has been heralded in all sections of the civilized globe, and wherever seen has been admitted to be the most wildly exciting and dare-devil feat of sensationalism ever performed by man.

The Francelias in feats of strength and heavy lifting are reckoned as the highest salaried performers of their kind in the world. Senor Francelia bears the reputation of being the most perfectly developed man from the standpoint of muscular development that the world's students of physical culture have ever seen. His arms are larger than most men's thighs and the manner in which the great chunks of muscle stand out like carved marble presents a picture in itself that is well worth a journey of many miles to look at. But Francelia's muscular development is not for spectacular purposes so much as for practical use. He juggles with a 500-pound dumb-bell much the same as though it were but a two-pound toy. And don't you lose any money betting that the dumb-bell does not weigh 500 pounds, as was proven to the satisfaction of a doubter at Birmingham last week in the presence of several newspaper men.

Following the Francelias' act will be presented, by special permission of His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, the royal family of Abdulla Kitchie-Richie from Berlin. There are seven members of this marvellous troupe of acrobats and the feats of gymnastic agility and lightning-like tumbling evolutions performed by them, easily take rank among the best that the world has ever seen.

Act No. 1 consists of four black bears captured in the Rocky Mountains, two years ago. Display No. 2 is called a miscellaneous group, and is one of the cleverest exhibitions of animal training of lions, tigers, leopards, bears, pumas and great boarhound dogs. This act is under the direction of Mile. Van

Lord. Display No. 3 shows the steel cage in which Colonel Mundy's \$100,000 challenge group of nine performing lions and tigers go through the remarkable exhibition of jumping through hoops of fire, forming groups, high leaps, all at the word of command from the greatest of animal trainers, Colonel P. J. Mundy. Display No. 4 is that of Anita, the Parisian danseuse, in a den of African lions. Display No. 5 is that of Captain T. L. Bertie and the only wrestling lion on earth, Schley.

The above exhibition together with the other twenty attractions of the Mundy Shows will be exhibited in Harbor Park, the foot of Yonge street, the entire week of June 26, for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children.

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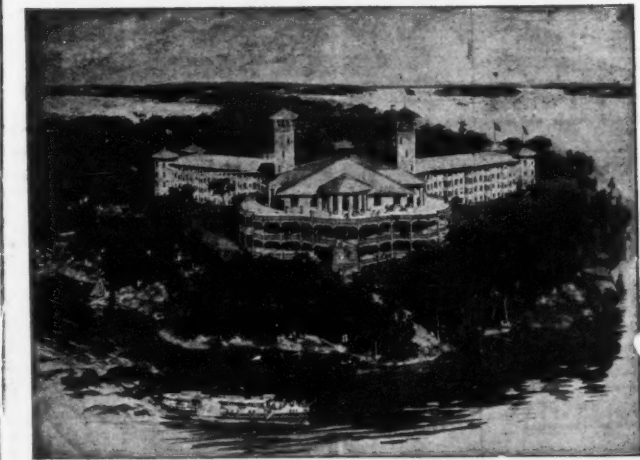
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Ontario Bank.

Report of Annual Meeting of Shareholders.

The annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Ontario Bank was held at the Banking House, Toronto, on Tuesday, June 20th, 1905.

Among those present were: G. R. R. Cockburn, Donald Mackay, John Flett, F. M. Purdy, Henry Lowndes, Thomas Walmsley, R. Grass, Hon. P. Harcourt, R. D. Perry, C. S. Gzowski, David Smith, Barlow Cumberland, N. Gooch, J. G. Ramsey, Cephas Goode, J. K. Macdonald, R. Mulholland, Wm. Spry, and others.

On motion, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn was called to the chair, and Mr. McGill was requested to act as secretary.

Messrs. J. K. Macdonald, Henry Lowndes and F. M. Purdy were appointed scrutineers.

At the request of the chairman, the secretary read the following report: The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the 48th Annual Report, for the year ending 31st May, 1905, together with the usual statement of Assets and Liabilities:

Profit and Loss (brought forward from 31st May, 1904) ... \$54,802 45

The net profits, after deducting Charges of Management, interest accrued upon deposits, and making provision for bad and doubtful Debts, were 122,583 34

Dividend 3 per cent. paid 1st December, 1904 ... \$45,600 00

Dividend 2 per cent. payable 1st June, 1905 ... 43,000 00

Added to rest ... 1,117 62

Dividends payable 1st June, 1905 ... 43,000 00

Reserved for Officers' Pension Fund ... 5,000 00

Balance of profits carried forward ... \$112,415 79

The Rest Account has been increased by \$50,000, which now stands at \$550,000, and the amount carried forward to the credit of Profit and Loss Account is \$62,445 79.

The Deposits have increased \$1,066,929 99 since our last Annual Meeting, and the General Business of the Bank continues to steadily improve, which must be regarded as satisfactory.

A Branch of the Bank has been opened at Holstein, Ont.

All the Offices of the Bank have been inspected during the year.

G. R. R. COCKBURN, President.

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid up	\$1,500,000 00
Rest	650,000 00
Balance of Profits carried forward	62,445 79
Dividends Unclaimed	1,117 62
Dividends payable 1st June, 1905	43,000 00
Reserved for Interest and Exchange	133,490 71
Notes in Circulation	\$1,180,230 00
Deposits not bearing interest	1,580,102 26
Deposits bearing interest	10,009,224 00
Due to Agents of Bank in Great Britain	513,032 17
	\$13,318,580 03
	\$15,712,073 15

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coins	\$128,737 50
Government and Demand Notes	418,230 50
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	437,983 24
Balance Due from Banks in Canada	388,407 29
Balance Due from Banks in United States	35,821 08
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note	72,102 41
Bonds and Securities	1,158,957 50
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	621,333 21
Bills Discounted and Current Loans	\$12,120,160 22
Overdue Debts	7,338 22
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises)	27,990 00
Mortgages on Real Estate sold	3,500 00
Bank Premises (including Furniture, Safes, etc.)	125,000 00
	\$12,281,058 44
	\$15,712,073 15

The Ontario Bank, Toronto, 31st May, 1905.

C. McGILL, General Manager.

After a few remarks by the chairman the report was adopted. By resolution, the sum of \$5,000 was granted to the Officers' Pension Fund of the Ontario Bank.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the General Manager and other officers of the Bank for the satisfactory discharge of their respective duties during the past twelve months.

The scrutineers appointed at the meeting subsequently reported the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz:—George R. R. Cockburn, Donald Mackay, R. D. Perry, Hon. R. Harcourt, R. Grass, T. Walmsley, John Flett.

The new Board met the same afternoon, when Mr. George R. R. Cockburn was elected President, and Mr. Donald Mackay Vice-President.

C. McGILL, General Manager.

The Ontario Bank,

Toronto, June 20th, 1905.

she has been compelled to tramp on to San Francisco, where she can get employment in a theater that is not under union rules.

Messrs. Klaw, Erlanger, Gottlieb, Ackerman and their confederates of the Theater Union are naturally at one with Mr. Baer of the Coal Trust in holding the noble doctrine that a workman has the God-given right to sell his labor when, where and to whom he pleases, at such rates as he elects, without molestation from any organized body of laborers—that is, his right to be a "scab" is inalienable, and whoever attempts to restrict it is an enemy of Heaven and human liberty.

If that contention be sound, assuredly the principle applies to a man who has the use of a theater to sell quite as clearly as to the man who has his labor to sell.

In many cities besides Salt Lake there are owners of theaters who would like very well to sell the use of their houses to Mrs. Fiske and other "scab" stars, but the Trust forbids them to do this on pain of being boycotted. They have been notified that they must maintain the closed shop. That is business.

The crime of the labor unions, against which so much hot eloquence is expended by business men, is that they apply business principles in their field just as their employers do in the employing field. The workmen have had the intolerable impudence to copy the practices of their bosses.

It is affecting to listen to the union-containing business man hold forth—in person or through the "conservative" newspapers which are his organs—on the despotism of the trades unions. He glows in his devotion to Freedom. But he wishes it to be understood that he has no objection to the labor union as such. All he wants is a kind of union that would not be of the smallest service to the workman in raising wages and shortening hours—a union that would not have any power to coerce the employer into doing anything for his employees.

The primary object of labor in organizing is to reduce competition. Ought that to be a very grave offence in the eyes of the ordinary business man—the average manufacturer, say? What is the tariff for if not to reduce competition? The employer—during political campaigns, especially—insists that the tariff exists for the sole purpose of keeping wages high, but merely worldly persons may be forgiven for surmising that the employer's passion for high wages is not incompatible with a side desire for profits, nor even with an enthusiastic and continuous personal pressure upon the employee to take lower wages than he gets.

It is one of the curiosities of the human mind, this tendency of employers, organized to cripple or eliminate com-

petition, to rage against the workmen for following their example. Such critics of trades unions erect for the workman a standard of morals, a standard of selfishness, which they never dream of erecting for themselves. They grow honestly furious when carpenters and ironmoulders do exactly what they themselves do. They are like Mr. Baer, who, at the head of a Trust which has driven independent operators out of the anthracite field, compelling them to sell their mines at what the Trust offered, can yet flame with righteous indignation at the miners for banding together to extort from the Trust wages that shall enable them and their families to live a little less like animals and a little more like human beings.

Mr. Rockefeller, who has clubbed competing refineries to commercial death, bludgeoned producers into selling their oil to him at his figures, and brass-knuckled railroads into defying the law and giving him rebates, not only on his own oil but on that of competing shippers—also—Mr. Rockefeller doubtless gives heartfelt concurrence to Mr. Baer's judgment that labor unions represent a wicked and indefensible despotism.

Do you question the possibility of inconsistency so blind and gross? Witness Mr. Rockefeller's belief that he is a faithful follower of the penniless Jesus, who had not where to lay his head, who scourged the money-changers from the temple, and who so detested the accumulators of this world's goods that he said it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. And Mr. Rockefeller's son, his mental and moral heir, teaches a Sunday school class and explains that Christ meant something quite different from what you would naturally suppose when he told the rich young man to sell all he had and give it to the poor.

Mr. Klaw or Mr. Gottlieb, or any other business man who is in a trust, or in an organization of any sort which aims to suppress competition, becomes as monstrously inconsistent, as grotesque an absurdity as either of the Rockefeller when he inveighs against trades unions and pleads for the open shop.

Whoever else may retain the right to judge the acts of organized labor in its endeavors to defend hours and wages against the effect of unorganized competition, the employer who is in an organization, or who schemes with others to minimize competition, has parted with that right. When he arraigns the trades union he has convicted himself. It is just that he should be held to his own standards of business conduct.

And there is this deep difference between the trust and the labor unions. The trust is wealth organized to get more wealth; the union is labor organized to get a decent living. It is an ex-



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pedient forced upon the worker because we live in the midst of industrial anarchy. We have war between capital and labor for the reason that conditions of social justice have not been reached—conditions under which no man could take the earnings of any other man without returning an equivalent.

When the world does achieve such conditions there will be no need for labor unions, or trusts, either. But until then the labor union is as necessary to the worker as the gun was to the pioneer farmer, who lived in hourly

peril of the Indians. Without the unions the workman would be at the mercy of the employer, and his home, where his wife and children are, would be that of a starving serf.

When you hear a miner-squeezing Baer, or a Mrs. Fiske-excluding Erlanger, upholding the open shop and the right of the worker to dispose of his labor in freedom and on his own terms, it means simply insistence upon the employer's privilege to pay what he likes and to work his hiring as long as he chooses. ARTHUR McEWEEN.



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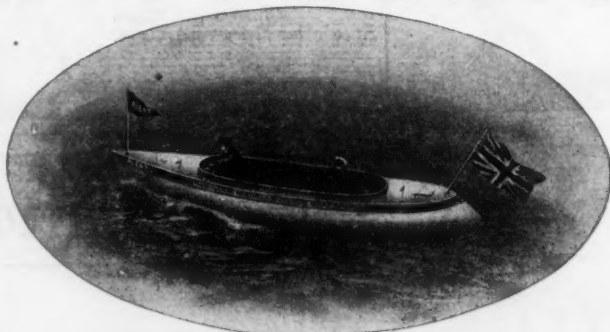
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Muskoka.

An ideal spot for your summer vacation, and June is a delightful month. Fast express train leaves Toronto at 10:45 a.m., for Muskoka Wharf, where direct connection is made with steamers for all lake points. Handsome booklet containing illustrated and descriptive literature regarding hotels, etc., may be had on application at Grand Trunk City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence.

Many who annually take in this trip consider the month of June the best time of the year. You can leave Toronto at 10:30 p.m. in Pullman sleeper, via Grand Trunk, and in morning make connection at Kingston wharf with steamers for trip through Thousand Islands and River St. Lawrence. Full information at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Love Both of God and Man.

These Two Great Principles Found in Forestry.

Anniversary Services of the Independent Order of Foresters—Sermon by Rev. J. B. Silcox.

The thirty-first anniversary services of the Independent Order of Foresters took place at Massey Hall last Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the High Court of Central Ontario. A procession headed by the trumpet band in charge of Trumpet Major Emery, and followed by members of the subordinate courts to the number of about a thousand, with Bros. Mitchell and Tidman as marshals, proceeded from the Temple building by way of Bay street to Queen street, Queen street to Simcoe street, Simcoe street to King street, and thence up Yonge street to the hall. In the rear of the subordinate courts were the High Court of Foresters, including H. C. R. Mearns, Toronto; P.H.C.R. J. A. V. Preston, B.A., L.L.B., Grand Valley; H. V.C.R. Alex. Cowan, Barrie; Honorary Secretary, R. J. Niddie, M. D., Creemore; Honorary Treasurer, Alex. Stewart, Toronto; Honorary Physician, Allan Cameron, M.D., Owen Sound, and Honorary Counsellor, A. A. Hughson, Orangeville. Next came the 48th Highlanders' Band, followed by the uniformed corps, and the Hon. Dr. Oronhyatekha, S.C.R., and his staff in carriages.

Amongst the officers present were: Major-General Dr. Millman, Major-General H. A. Collins, Major-General T. Lawless, Major-General G. A. Harper, Brigadier-General W. W. Dunlop, Brigadier-General Dr. Clarke, Brigadier-General Dr. Rose, Brigadier-General James Casey, Brigadier-General George Rose, Brigadier-General H. Cooper, Brigadier-General L. H. Luke and Quartermaster-General L. N. Norton. The Temple Encampment was in command of Colonel C. A. Stone, with Captain Arthur Brooker and Lieutenants Cannon and Sherwood.

The service at Massey Hall, conducted by Rev. J. B. Silcox, pastor of Bond Street Congregational Church, was of an interesting character. The music was under the direction of Bro. J. Churchill Arlidge, High Organist, of the High Court of Central Ontario, while the Sherwood Forest Male Quartette, consisting of Bros. William Moore, J. Augustine Arlidge, E. R. Powles and Theo. B. Arlidge, gave very fine renderings of *When the Weary Seek Rest*, and *The Glory Song*. Bro. J. Augustine Arlidge gave an impressive rendering of the solo *Giver of Life*. The organist was Bro. E. R. Powles. There was a large congregation, who entered with considerable spirit into the service.

The Rev. J. B. Silcox delivered an eloquent sermon, the main object of which was to show that the duty of true Christians was to love not only God but their fellowmen. Love of God and love of man should characterize every human life, and in so far as these two elements entered into the dominated human life to that degree was that life Christian. Further, as these two elements existed as contracting forces in any institution to that degree was that institution Christian.

These two principles were to be found, the preacher pointed out, in the Order of Foresters; and he added that he who intelligently comprehends the doctrine of the fatherhood of God, would also properly comprehend the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. "I put no value on any professed reverence for God," the preacher continued, "that does not ultimately express its own loving helpfulness towards man." There was a great deal in the passage which ran: "He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" This came to the love of God through the love of man. As for the Order of Foresters, he had found its members out on the prairies of the North-West, on the other side of the Rockies, and on the plains of California, and everywhere he had found them doing a most human service to men, women and children. The Order made no barriers, political or social, but welcomed Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, capital and labor alike.

Christianity as Jesus taught it takes a man out of himself and makes him sympathetically interested in the welfare of his fellowmen. Every man should feel that his life belongs to the race, and that what God has given him of talent, of wealth and of power He has given for the service of man. True and genuine spirituality concerned itself with everything that taught the love of humanity here in this work-a-day world. It sent men to the polls on election day as religiously as it did to the communion table on communion day. Religion was as much for this world as for the other world, and if a person's religion did not make him sweet and gentle and human here in this world, it was not worth anything to him or anybody else in the world to come.

A collection taken on behalf of the Foresters' Orphans' Home realized \$700.

The Danger That Lurks in Sunbeams.

MAJOR CHARLES E. WOODRUFF, a surgeon in the United States army, has discovered that sunshine is injurious to health. According to a theory which he has carefully elaborated, the rays of the sun, if allowed to beat down on our tender bodies, sap their vitality and hasten death. To his eyes, every freckle is a sign of the dread destroyer, and sunburn is not so much the tan that indicates health as the dark touch of the power which reigns in tainted sepulchres. He felicitates the sewer-worker of Paris, the subway builder and the coal miner on their healthy environment. He shakes a despairing head at the room where the pampered aristocrat sits bathed in genial beams, and points out the gloom of the sunless slum as man's ideal abode. He has not gone so far as

to say so, but he probably finds the forlorn hope of our civilization in the modern apartment house.

To the ordinary thinker, only superficially acquainted with the facts from which Dr. Woodruff argues, these views will appear just a little pessimistic. He may even be inclined to imagine that the surgeon discovered his theory in a condition of mental irritation caused by a bad attack of sunburn. Anyone who has been imprudent enough to go in swimming under a vertical sun, and has had to submit to his tortured body to a massage of cold cream and cocoa butter and camphor ice, will recall a state of mind in which anything derogatory to old Sol's reputation would be readily believed. But no doubt this is an injustice to Dr. Woodruff. Learned scientists are not swayed by the splenetic feelings of the moment. Their great thoughts are born in the large atmosphere of lecture-rooms and laboratories.

And yet it is difficult, sometimes, for the lay mind to encompass the professional viewpoint. Instances are recurring perpetually. There is Dr. Osler—what mental process determined him to make his famous assertion? Then there is that other learned medico who lately pronounced tooth-brushes dangerous—what line of reasoning led him to that original idea?

It is a very strange thing that all these revolutionary notions come from the profession which most loudly vaunts its conservatism. Every day the most sacred tenets of culture's creed are being questioned. It would seem that centuries of progress have gone for nothing with these theorists who shatter a tradition with the irresponsible ease of a child breaking a toy. Perhaps there is something in the medical training which causes doubt and question. The man whose course of study leads him to view the human body as a mere machine regulated by rules that vary no more than those of a locomotive is apt to regard everything with an eye of suspicion. It matters not whether it be a tooth-brush or a dogma, the question of an old man's usefulness or the danger of too much sun. Meanwhile the perplexed layman rubs his eyes and wonders if there is anything real and immutable.

There is great comfort in the thought that an ocean hard to navigate rolls between theory and practice. No one supposes for a moment that the doctor who detected the deadly germ that lurks in the tooth-brush omits a very necessary part of his morning ablutions. Dr. Osler, with all his disapproval of the veteran who lags superfluous on the stage of life, is too far advanced in years to take his theory seriously. It is unthinkable that Major Woodruff shivers in the shade for love of an idea, while others bask in the warmth of noon. Practically, this amounts to saying that every doctor is averse from swallowing his own medicine, and that is not a theory but a well-ascertained fact.

We will listen to his arguments, for they have the charm of novelty. We will pick out a cosy spot where the sun will bathe us without shining in our eyes, and turn over the pages of his interesting book. And while we stretch our lazy limbs to the mote-laden beams, perhaps we may admit that he is correct—theoretically. But when we choose our homes we will select them on the sunny side of the street, and when we leave town for a holiday we will go where the sun-god drives his chariot in full career, not where the damp earth is shrouded in perpetual shade. Like the merry souls who sojourned in the forest of Arden, we "love to lie 'neath the sun," and no moonstruck, melancholy Jacques can taunt us from our predilection.

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For the Benefit of the TORONTO SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

JUNE 26th to JULY 1st

THE MIGHTY PREDOMINATOR THE GREAT MUNDY SHOWS

CHEFAILO Leaps the Gap

\$1,200,000 ACTUALLY INVESTED

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100 THE MUNDY ZOO 100
Lions, Tigers, Jaguars, Leopards, Pumas, Bears

Ferris Wheel The House That Jack Built, Fire and Flame, Crazy House, Gondolas, Miss Brown From London, India, Creation, Crystal Maze, Cave of the Winds, Stadium, Gibson Girls, Shooting the Chutes, Southland, Hereafter.

10 HIPPODROME COSTLIEST IN THE WORLD 10

Mundy's Royal Band of 34 Pieces

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LOCATION AT HARBOR PARK

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

Proceedings of the Thirtieth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, 21st June, 1905.

The Thirtieth Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held in pursuance of the terms of the Charter at the Banking House of the Institution, 21st June, 1905.

Present: Messrs. T. R. Merritt (St. Catharines), William Ramsay of Bowland, Stow; Robert Jaffray, William Hendrie (Hamilton), Charles Cockshutt, D. R. Wilkie, J. W. Langmuir, Rev. T. W. Paterson, W. Bridgeman-Simpson, Edward Hay, Prof. Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S., R. N. Gooch, J. W. Barry, A. H. Martens, Neil Robertson, R. W. Thompson, Frank A. Rolph, Peleg Howland, W. T. Jennings, C. H. Wetley, C. H. Stanley Clarke, Clarkson Jones, John Neilson, Alexander Neilson, John Stark, Charles O'Reilly, M.D., O. F. Rice, W. H. Cawthra, David Kidd (Hamilton), James Bicknell K.C., J. M. Kains, William Spry, A. E. Webb, G. B. Smith, William Glenney (Oshawa), David Smith, Harry Vigee, Harry Wyatt, W. T. Boyd, H. C. Hammond, R. H. Temple, W. B. Hamilton, A. A. McFall (Bolton), L. Ogden, H. P. Eckardt, A. Foulds, T. Gibson, John Graham, A. D. Cadanhead (Ocho, Rios, Jamaica), J. L. Blakie, J. G. Ramsey, J. W. Beatty, A. P. Burritt, James Tothunter, W. G. Jaffray, V. H. E. Hutcheson, Frank E. MacDonald, Charles McGill, Thomas Walmsley, J. W. B. White, T. J. Gould (Uxbridge), W. C. Crowther, R. Inglis, W. Bibson Cassels, W. W. Vickers, J. Gordon Jones, J. H. Idles, R. G. O. Thomson, and others.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. T. R. Merritt, and the Assistant General Manager, Mr. E. Hay, was requested to act as Secretary.

Moved by Mr. John Stark, seconded by Mr. A. A. McFall, That Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, Mr. R. H. Temple and Mr. W. Gibson Cassels be and are hereby appointed Scrutineers. Carried.

The General Manager, at the request of the Chairman, read the Report of the Directors and the Statement of Affairs.

THE REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders their Thirtieth Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the affairs of the Bank as at 31st May, 1905, giving the result of the business of the Bank for the year as well as the day.

Out of the Net Profits of the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for the usual contributions to the Funds and Guarantee Funds:

- (a) Dividends have been paid at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, amounting to \$300,000.
- (b) Bank Premises Account has been credited with \$75,941.73.
- (c) Rest Account has been increased by \$150,000.
- (d) Profit and Loss Account has been increased by \$35,909.41.

Branches of the Bank have been opened during the year at Arrowhead, B. C.; Balgonie, N. W. T.; Broadview, N. W. T., and in Toronto at St. Lawrence Market. Branches are being opened at New Liskeard, Ont., and at the Upper Bridge, Niagara Falls, Ont.

The authority given at the Annual Meeting in 1902 to increase the Capital Stock by \$1,500,000, of which \$500,000 was issued that year, has been further availed of by the issue of the remaining \$1,000,000, which will be allotted to Shareholders at a premium of 100 per cent. in the proportion of one new share for each three shares held on 30th June of this year. The additional Capital will enable the Bank to keep pace with the development of the country and to accept a share of the new business which will be the result of the efforts, besides adding to the total amount of the notes of the Bank authorized to be placed in circulation.

Mr. J. A. M. Atkins, K.C., and Mr. William Whyte, a Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, have been appointed to and have accepted the position of Local Directors at Winnipeg.

A By-law will be submitted for your approval changing the date of the Annual Meeting from the third Wednesday in June to the fourth Wednesday in May, which your Directors think will be a more convenient date.

The Head Office and Branches of the Bank have all been carefully inspected during the year, and your Directors desire to express their satisfaction with the faithful and efficient manner in which the Staff performed their duties.

THOMAS R. MERRITT, President.

31st May, 1905.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividend No. 59, 5 per cent. (paid 1st December, 1904)	\$170,000 00	21st May, 1905, brought forward	\$140,696 56
Dividend No. 60, 5 per cent. (payable 1st June, 1905)	170,000 00	Profits for the year ended 31st May, 1905, after deducting charges of management and interest due on deposits and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for rebate on bills under discount	510,951 22
Transferred to Rest Account	150,000 00		
Written off Bank Premises	150,000 00		
Purchase of Accounts	25,000 73		
Balance of Account carried forward	176,516 05		
			\$651,557 78

REST ACCOUNT.

Balance at Credit of Account 31st May, 1904	\$2,850,000 00
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account	150,000 00
	\$3,000,000 00

LIABILITIES.

Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$2,571,577 00
Deposits not bearing interest	\$4,247,299 05
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	19,629,678 12
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	155,232 78
Total Liabilities to the public	\$26,702,777 95
Capital Stock (paid up)	3,000,000 00
Rest Account	3,000,000 00
Dividend No. 60 (payable 1st June, 1905) 5 per cent.	150,000 00
Rebate on bills discounted	65,231 64
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	176,516 05
	\$3,391,747 69
	\$33,095,525 64

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin	\$ 826,600 61
Dominion Government Notes	3,634,400 00
	\$ 4,461,000 61
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	145,000 00
Notes of and cheques on other banks	3,039,918 59
Balance due from other banks in Canada	340,552 80
Balance due from Agents in the United Kingdom	44,060 40
Balance due from Agents in Foreign Countries	1,597,217 91
	\$ 7,628,170 31
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	\$ 451,402 09
Canadian Municipal Securities and British or Foreign, or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	1,501,291 44
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	1,409,568 15
	3,362,261 68
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada	2,685,575 85
	\$13,675,987 84
Other Current Loans, Discounts and Advances	18,573,718 81
Overdue debts (loss provided for)	30,927 20
Real Estate (other than bank premises)	26,278 33
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	87,999 56
Bank premises, including Safes, Vaults and Office Furniture, at Head Office and Branches	700,000 00
Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads	613 90
	\$33,095,525 64

The usual motions were submitted and carried unanimously.

The Scrutineers appointed at the Meeting reported the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year, viz.: Messrs. T. R. Merritt, D. R. Wilkie, Wm. Ramsay, Robert Jaffray, Elias Rogers, Wm. Hendrie, Jas. Kerr Osborne, Charles Cockshutt.

At a subsequent Meeting of the Directors, Mr. T. R. Merritt was elected President, and Mr. D. R. Wilkie Vice-President for the ensuing year.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.

Toronto, 21st June, 1905.

Ceremonial Cures.

Ceremonies in which many goats and fowls are killed and the blood is drunk are very common in Travancore. Whenever an epidemic disease such as cholera or smallpox becomes prevalent the usual remedy to prevent the spread of the disease is to celebrate a "Chirappu" or "Annam Kudi" in a temple dedicated to a female deity.—*Englishman*, Calcutta.

How We "Get On."

Getting on means, according to our philosophy, getting a lot of money, anyhow, by any means; living in a big house, chock-full of furniture; eating and drinking what we call the best, which doctors will tell you means things very bad for the liver, leading to dyspepsia, chronic headache, and general distaste of life; dressing ourselves in expensive clothes, in which we fancy our stout

persons look remarkably well; inviting hundreds of people to our house, the majority of whom we personally dislike; dressing our daughters like peacocks, and paying two or three hundred a year to have our boys taught football.—*J. K. Jerome in To-Day*.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

CONNERY—At 7 Borden street, June 15, 1905, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Connery, a daughter.

GALT—Chicago, June 19, Mrs. Hubert Galt, a daughter.

ORMSBY—Toronto, June 17, Mrs. J. Y. Ormsby, a daughter.

WALLACE—Toronto, June 12, Mrs. (Dr.) Wallace, a son.

BARRETT—Cobden, June 20, Mrs. L. A. Barrett, a son.

HARDY—Brockville, June 19, Mrs. Arthur C. Hardy, a son.

SPARROW—Toronto, June 12, Mrs. George Sparrow, a son.

TRIVETT—Toronto, June 18, Mrs. Walter F. Trivett, a son.

Marriages

VERNER—MATTHEWS—On June 20, at St. Stephen's Church, by Rev. J. S. Broughall, Margery May Matthews, (née Proctor), to Thomas Verner M.D., of Ireland. No cards.

ZOELLNER—BODDY—In Toronto, June 21, 1905, by the Rev. Canon Baldwin, rector of All Saints' Church, Edith Norman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Somerville Boddy, Toronto, to William Charles Zoellner, M.D., Forest, eldest son of E. F. R. Zoellner, Farnham, Quebec.

DINNICK—CONLIN—On Friday, June 16, 1905, at the Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue, New York, by the Reverend Donald Sage MacKay, D.D., Alice Louise Conlin, of New York, to Wilfrid Servington Dinnick, vice-president and managing director of the Standard Loan Company, Toronto.

FOLLETT—BONNICK—Toronto, June 15, Charlotte Phoebe Bonnick to Joseph H. Follett.

GOOD—MIDDLETON—Toronto, June 17, Minnie Emma Beaumont Middleton to George Robert Good.

WEEKES—WHITE—Brantford, June 17, Jennie Louise White to Melville Bell Weekes.

SILVESTER—O'CONNOR—Sudbury, June 7, Elsie Eleanor O'Connor to George E. Silvester.

BAUMHARD—DYMOND—Toronto, June 21, Henrietta B. Dymond to Reginald Ross Baumhard.

BERTRAM—SKINNER—Toronto, June 20, Ella Louise Skinner to George Murray Bertram.

BINGHAM—MCKENNEY—Aylmer, June 20, L. McKenney to Charles B. Bingham, B.A.

BISHOP—RODGER—Toronto, Annie Louise Rodger to Rev. Edward S. Bishop.

BOWERMAN—DOWLER—Toronto, June 21, Dora May Dowler to Louis Everett Bowerman.

CAMPBELL—PECK—Burlington, June 21, Ida M. Peck to Samuel F. V. Campbell.

CUNDE—RUSSELL—St. Paul, Minn., June 21, Gertrude Olive Russell to William Ardagh Russell.

DAVIS—BAIN—Toronto, June 20, Isabel Bain to Walter Davis.

DEVLIN—GRAHAM—Barrie, June 20, Mary Isobel Graham to Charles T. Devlin.

GLADMAN—PETTIT—Burlington, June 21, Mabel Evelyn Pettit to J. George Gladman.

HAMBLY—LANDERKIN—Brantford, June 19, Lillian Victoria Landerkin to William J. S. Hambly.

HOWE—HUGHES—Norway, June 20, Mona Hughes to Herbert James Howe.

LOVELESS—PATTERSON—Acincourt, June 15, Sadie Leckie Paterson to Robert M. Loveless.

MICHELL—STANWAY—Toronto, June 21, Marion Adelaide Stanway to Lorne William Mitchell.

PATTERSON—COTTON—Grand Valley, E. Eileen Cotton to Wilson Patterson.

RANDS—PEPPER—Toronto, June 21, Alice Pepper to Sydney Rands.

ROSS—DAVIS—Toronto, June 20, Margaret M. Davis to Alexander P. Ross.

TAYLOR—PARNHAM—Toronto, June 21, Maud Parnham to James Laughlin Taylor.

TROTTER—GREGORY—ALLEN—Gregory, June 20, Elizabeth Grace (Bessie) Gregory-Allen to Rev. L. A. Trotter M.A.

WEBSTER—RICE—Toronto, June 21, Jean W. Rice to Harry A. Webster.

Deaths

BICKNELL—Hamilton, Mrs. Jane Bicknell, aged 71 years.

BILLINGS—Kamloops, B. C., June 17, Charles Clarke Billings, aged 38 years.

BLAKELY—Hamilton, June 17, Mrs. Ruth Blakely, aged 85 years.

CASWELL—Warrenpoint, Ireland, June 9, Thomas Caswell, aged 55 years.

CORRINGLEY—Toronto, June 18, Arthur Binks Corringley, aged 40 years.

HILL—Toronto, June 19, Mrs. Mary Florence Milbourne Hill.

JAMIESON—Penetanguishene, June 14, John Jamieson, aged 67 years.

KERNAN—Toronto, June 17, Rev. Patrick Joseph Kernan, aged 60 years.

KIRKLAND—Toronto, June 18, Mrs. William Kirkland, aged 32 years.

MURPHY—Pine Grove, June 19, John Murphy.

NEWMAN—Rochester, N. Y., June 17, Charles John Newman, I. A. M., aged 51 years.

ORMSBY—Toronto, June 17, Janet Susie Ormsby.

PETTIT—Grimsby, June 16, George Chalmers Pettit, aged 64 years.

POLLARD—Toronto, June 18, Mrs. R. F. Pollard, aged 26 years.

THOMPSON—Bradford, June 19, Andrew C. Thompson, aged 62 years.

WOOD—June 16, William Wood, aged 64 years.

WILKINSON—Snell Grove, June 17, Earl Wilkinson.

COLLINGS—Eglinton, June 20, Mrs.

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THE highest possible piano honors, attained by the Gerhard Heintzman Piano during the past thirty years, not by tradition, or purchased recognition, but by legitimate merit, give the Gerhard Heintzman the first place in the consideration of musical and artistic people seeking a high-grade and durable piano.

We also offer the Martin Orme Piano, a thoroughly reliable piano in every way, which is guaranteed by the makers as well as ourselves to give perfect satisfaction, in fact is a high-grade piano at medium price.

Have you seen the wonderful "Apollo," the most perfect self-player yet produced, has 14 distinct superior points over any other player, is offered at moderate price, and our circulating music library system is most unique and economical to subscribers.

Easy terms of payment can be arranged, if desired, on all instruments. Write us for particulars and printed matter.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited, 97 Yonge Street, Toronto.

HAMILTON WAREHOUSES,

127 King Street East



"Red Feather" Tea

Quoth Bruin, "Tis bad-ski! I'll be bound, For steppe by steppe I'm losing ground. Internal troubles also gall, But this Red Feather smooths them all, And burdens hard to Bear," says he, "Are carried through with ami-tea."

A Treat from Ceylon

Black, Green or Mixed One Price—40 Cents.

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No. 638—Arm-Chair in Silk Brocade, \$33.00.

WE carry an extensive assortment of suites and individual pieces in designs more or less modified from the historic masterpieces of Chippendale, Heppelwhite and Adam, and rivaling the costly originals in everything except the price.

This dainty Arm-Chair is made of choice mahogany, enriched with delicate carving and fine mouldings, and is altogether a beautiful piece of workmanship. We have the Sofa and Reception Chair to match, the three pieces making a very charming suite, which we'll sell in Silk Brocade for 102.00

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Fannie Collings, aged 86 years.
FERRIER—June 21, Marguerite Frances Ferrier, aged 1 year, 4 months and 16 days.
NORTHROP—Brighton, June 21, Mrs. W. B. Northrop.

SIEVERT—Toronto, June 19, Mrs. Louis Sievert, aged 62 years.
SMITH—Toronto, June 20, Mrs. Edith Ballimore Smith, aged 75 years.
THOMPSON—Toronto, June 19, James Thompson, aged 72 years.
TRIVETT—Toronto, June 18, the infant

son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Trivett.
VEITCH—York Mills, June 20, Mrs. James Veitch, aged 37 years, 3 months.

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